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Poetry.

ERTRE-ACTE REVERIES.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Between the acts, while the orchestra played
That sweet old waltz with the lilting measure,
I drifted away to a dear, dead day,
When the dance for me was the sum of all pleasure;
When my veins were rife with the fever of life,
When hope ran high as an unswept ocean,
And my heart's great gladness was almost madness,
As I floated off to the music's motion.

* * * * * * *

I knew no weariness, no, not I;
My step was as light as the waving grasses
That flutter with ease on the strong-armed breeze
As it wafts over the wild morasses.
Life was all sound and swing, youth was a perfect thing,
Night was the goddess of satisfaction.
Oh! how I tripped away, down to the edge of day!
Joy lay in motion and rest in action.

I dance no more on the music's wave,
I yield no grace to its withering power,
That time has flown like a rose that is blown,
Yet life is a garden to ever in flower.
Though storms of tears have watered the years
Between to-day and that day departed,
Through trials have met me and grief's waves wet me,
And I have been tired and trouble-hearted.

Though under the sod of a wee green grave
A great sweet hope in darkness perished,
Yet life, to my thinking, is a cup worth drinking
A gift to be glad of, and loved and cherished.
There is deeper pleasure in the slower measure
That time's grand orchestra now is giving,
Its mellowed minor is sadder but finer,
And life grows daily more worth the living.

HOW THE KING CAME HOME.

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."

"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land is death and woe,
And the king, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."

So the eager children waited
'Till the closing of the day,
'Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No flashing, golden crown,
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round, red sun went down.

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept.
Along the moonlight highway,
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'T was thus the king came home.

Our Story Teller.

YOUNG HOUSON'S WIFE.

BY A. E. WATROUS.

Young Houson's wife is dead since yesterday. There was a child three days old, and it is dead, too. They had been married a year. Young Houson is a well-meaning young fellow but he made a mess of it in this marriage. He told me about it to-night. He sent for me, because he was perplexed and upset, and had to explain how it was that things had gone so utterly wrong.

Of course, I couldn't tell him. There was no reason why I couldn't tell him, but that he couldn't understand it. I turned it over in my mind in a dozen ways while he was telling the story, for I saw almost as soon as he had begun what the matter was, but I couldn't find any form of words to show him now it was that his marriage with Priscilla Hubert had turned out so wretchedly. He was really anxious to know if he had done wrong. He couldn't see how things could have happened so unless some one was at fault. I could only assure him that he had been in no fault, except that he had been born in Philadelphia in the last half of the nineteenth century. He couldn't understand what I meant. I left him dazed and smoking in his house on Nineteenth street. His dead wife and child were in a room overhead. I am quite sure that he went up there again to look at them and try to find out where the trouble had been.

It seems as if all that white unearthliness and beauty must have told him. Yet I am sure it didn't. I am sure it only left him perplexed and scared and dimly conscious of something in life and death of which he knew nothing, and that he went back to his room and sat up and tried his best to remember something he had done which he could call wrong according to his code and that of his kind—some reason for his young wife's having always been nearly as cold to him as she is now—but infinitely less content in his neighborhood.

He will find nothing, although he sits up till the parson and the hearse are at his door. There is nothing wrong about young Houson. He is like all young fellows, kind-hearted, well-mannered, and unspoiled by the years and evil and vanity natured. He is 26 years old and has a good bit of money in his own right. He has a round, pleasant face, and little whiskers on the sides of it. He has a round, frank eye and white teeth. He has a little fringe of hair on his forehead and a half an inch back of it he begins to part the hair of his head. He wears a high collar and a black cravat before dinner, and a high collar and a white tie at dinner. The coat he wears before dinner is called a frock, and the coat he wears after dinner is known by divers names, among them "swallow-tail" and "claw-hammer." There is a great difference between the two kinds of coats. It was after dinner when we looked in on the night upon this child, still picture of maternity in death, and, therefore, young Houson wore the latter kind of a coat. Young Houson attends to these matters of coats because it is a part of the law of nature to him. At the same time he sometimes acts from principle, not instinct. I am quite certain that this was the case, by his example two years ago, the extravagant lengths to which the bell-crowned beaver was running, and that at the present time he exerts the same conservative influence in reactionary tendencies toward the chimney pot.

When I called on him to-night he said, "Old man, I wanted to see you. I thought you might be able to explain something to me. You always were cleverer than I."

This is young Houson's formula whenever he asks my advice. It is not a strictly necessary formula, and I generally laugh at it; but to-night, of course, laughing was out of question. "There's something wrong," the young man went on; "something that's been wrong, and I don't know how to get at it. it's queer," he continued. "It seems as if I had been figuring as a brutal husband, and I can't make out how I have been. I don't believe in such things, anyway, except in books and among low people. At least I never knew of but one case, and that was Larry Poundel. He used to drink too much, and I guess his wife gave him as good as he sent—and she was no earthly use, anyway. I used to be ashamed of her, for my part, and I had very little to do with her, compared with some fellows.

"Well, my wife was afraid of me—deathly afraid. You've seen us together, haven't you? Nothing unusual about us, eh? No. Well, she was afraid of me from the start—deathly. She acted all the time we lived together as if she feared I was going to do something to her. She looked at me so that I've often gone to the glass to see if I had a hump or horns on my forehead, or anything beastly about me. She concealed this, of course, in public, but it was there all the time. It's queer."

Young Houson looked out of the window at the bare lilac tree in the court. He drew a pen knife from his pocket and filed his nails abstractedly before he went on. This nails abstractedly before he went on. This nails always came perfect from his dressing-room, and I knew he would only spoil them by filing them. Besides, in an undisturbed mental state, he would consider it making a part of his toilet in a manner in public. "I've thought I might have been tight," he said suddenly. "I mean tight when we were married. I've known fellows so when they were married. But I wasn't. I look back and I remember that I took especial pains not to be. I was afraid of the impression it might leave. I knew she was shy; I knew she was just out of school. I knew she would be shocked if I appeared anyway off. I knew she was different from girls who had been out much. This was why she was a great relief. Why, those flirting old widows and young married women used to moke me sick, 'pon my word, after I met her—women, by gad, that most young fellows would just as leave be talked about with—and that is why I know I wasn't even what she would call tight. I mean by that any different from usual—spoke a bit louder, or faster, or laughed easy. So I just acted as if I'd met her at some one's house and was glad to see her.

"But she was changed as soon as we were alone. She was frightened—frightened to death. I know what frightened to death means, too. I saw a stag once, just before he was shot in Lake Saranac, come right alongside my boat, and his eyes looked like hers, only hers was blue, and I've never gone in for that sort of thing since. I saw this, I say, and I went out on the balcony to smoke—it was at Newport—till the light was out. Well, sir, I waked up in the middle of the night and she was out on the balcony where I had been. She'd put on a long blue wrapper and her hair was in a long yellow braid down the back, like school girls wear.

"It was very still. You could just hear the waves, and there was waltz music on a yacht in the harbor away off. She was looking out on the bay. It was moonlight, and I could see it shine through the little fuzz of rumpled hair about her forehead. She turned around once, and I could see the same frightened look come into her eyes again. Then there happened something queer. When she turned toward the water again I heard her say, *'I wish I could pray.'* She said it in a distracted kind of a way, as if praying was the only thing to do and she didn't know how to do it. Now that was queer. What would she want to pray for, and why the deuce— I'll take that back; it isn't right, I suppose, to swear about praying—but why couldn't she pray? She could pray fast enough other times. She used to say her prayers every night and morning, and went to St. Surplice's about twice a day, I should think."

The deepening shadows of the night hid my face and the smile on it. But I shouldn't have smiled at young Houson. There is no reason why he should see what nobody sees, that I know of. It strikes me that the people don't see that they have lost the conception of what they are praying for—that they have no idea of it in their minds. Perhaps they have some dim consciousness of it, though, and that is the reason they pray out into space the harder. Perhaps that is the reason why our women go to church more and more. Our mothers used to go twice on Sunday, and our wives go three times a week. Perhaps that is why other people have bigger camp-meetings every year and shout harder. I do not know why it is. I am a man in a club window, I may say, and not a theologian, but I think I see the truth in these matters, as any man will who knows his kind.

At any rate, it seemed clear to me that this was the trouble with Priscilla Hubert, that she had come into a new condition of affairs in which she was frightened, and she had been taught to pray at a mark (it is not indecent to say that, I think it expresses what I mean best) and there was no particular need of praying, and when there was need she didn't know what to do. An Englishman, a hussar officer, who was over here a while ago, told me that the Russian soldiers in the Crimea were overdrilled. That they would do just as they had been trained to do on the parade ground, and didn't know what to do when an enemy acted different from a target. I think Priscilla was overdrilled.

Young Houson, who had paused, went on: "When people were around, of course, it wasn't so bad, but in those few weeks it was always the same when we were alone, although after a month or two it wasn't so noticeable."

"How did your wife amuse herself?" I asked.

"If you mean," he replied, slowly, "that she liked somebody else, you are mistaken. I thought of that, but it wasn't so."

"I didn't mean that," I answered. "I wouldn't have had it if I had. But now you have opened the subject of your wife's likes and dislikes and you want my advice, why did she marry you?"

"Well, now, old man, you knew pretty well how that is. I ain't dragging at all when I say that most any one would have married me. I believed myself and I had money, and my people have been just about where they are now ever since Richard Penn's time. I haven't any reason to suppose that she was particularly in love with me, and it's absurd to imagine that she was in any way forced into marrying me. There was no need of that with her people, I suppose th t she understood that she was to marry some time and she couldn't find any better chance. As to her amusements," he continued, "people to be amused have to drive and dance, and listen to bands and go to the opera when there is one, and play tennis, some of them, and I don't know that any of it's very giddy fun, but she did all of these things, as other people do, only she didn't care much for such things. And her brother Archie used to tease her awfully," he continued with a woe-begone smile, "about the way she handled a racket."

"Your wife read?"

"Yes, and queer books. These are some of them."

He pointed to some volumes on the lower shelf of a bookcase in the room. Eighteenth Century literature part of it—Goldsmith's "Vicar," "Rasselas" and a tome of Miss Austen's heavy triviality. There were several High Church novels, too, of the Miss Yonge, Saints' Day calendar and peerage variety, and I saw a little novel of George MacDonald's "The Portent," a book which would be called sensational in its character, but one of the purest and sweetest love stories I ever read.

"Queer books," continued young Houson. "Standard, I know. I ain't a fool, old man. My mother has made me read that blessed 'Happy Valley' when I was a kid. But what a lot of unreal people in those sort of things—a lot of old phantoms."

She loved flowers, too." the widower went on. In the darkness I heard a son. "D—n it, old man," choked young Houson, "I have heard her sing over her flowers—sing like her canary, only her voice was a better contralto than Marie's, and a canary's nothing but a beastly whistle, anyway. I'd heard her sing, I say, and she'd stop when she saw me. What was the matter, old man? What was the matter? I'm telling the truth—I ain't lying. I can't think of anything I did to make her hate me."

This wild outburst from a young who would as soon have thought of riding in the Park a la Mazeppa, as of showing his grief under ordinary circumstances, was, I confess, painful in the extreme.

"We dragged about from pillar to post," the young man went on wearily, "always the same. She seemed to care very little for other people when we were among them. When we were alone she dreaded me. Newport and the Catskills, New York and Washington, and here it was just the same."

Young Houson looked out intently to where the bare lilac trees swayed in the November wind. He fumbled with his watchchain and drew his knees up under chin, crushing his shirt front.

"For the last few months," he continued, musingly, "it has been worse and worse. She went around looking at me as if I had injured her in some way that I couldn't make up. I left her alone as much as I could, but we had to be seen together; otherwise people would talk, and we hadn't even a reason to give them something to talk about. The thing was so deuced intangible, even, that I couldn't ask her what the matter was. Lately, she was in a dumb horror, as if she was going to be shot, and it was all my fault. And when," he continued, "the child was born and I went to see it, she looked at me as if I was a murderer—and she didn't care a hang for the child, either. The young man's voice broke into a high note like a wail, and he ceased speaking.

We sat silent in the dark. He had his perplexed sense of injury to keep him silent and sorrowful. I had the feeling of the first person who comes to the scene of a murder or other tragedy and hears the story from the eye-witnesses to keep me still. Young Houson could not see the lonely horror of Priscilla's fate—awaiting, in mystified anticipation, a trial coming unwelcome, unbid, uncomprehended, a horrid accident, in fact, which is trial enough when, to one sustained by love and hope, it comes an invited guest.

"They are upstairs," said young Houson, at length. We went up. The dim death light burned in the room, with its thick portieres and rugs, its widely polished wainscoting, its slim and graceful brass fixtures and mountings, its rare paintings and prints. One of the latter was a sorrowful mockery. It was that much-hackneyed "At last, alone!" a French thing which has gained such great favor among us of late years that I need not describe it.

A woman sat by the bed and rocked drowsily. The dead wife's dainty watch ticked tinily on her bureau. The cheek of the girl mother and the baby girl touched, and matched each other alike in that sweetly human softness of the flesh of women and children which has been likened time out of mind to velvet and rose petals, but which is far more delicate—alike, also, in the deathly pallor. One baby hand, too, touched the mother's cheek as children like to do when they sleep. Priscilla's slim wrists were folded in a frill of lace about the infant's tiny knees. I had not noticed before what an almost sprite-like etheriality of outline there was in Priscilla's brows and nostrils, nor what a ghostly lustre in her golden hair, like the lustre of the hair of the poet's wife which grew in the grave. There was an ineffable purity of that dead embrace, a doubly awful sanctity of the mystery of motherhood and the mystery of death.

"I can't make it out, old man," said young Houson, as we left the room. "I thought that if there was nothing really wrong about one of 'em that two people could live together."

I did not answer immediately. As I took my hat I said: "You sent to ask me if I could find out where you had been at fault. I'm sure you cannot blame yourself for anything. If your wife had lived things would doubtless have come out all right."

"Do you think so?" he said. "Perhaps—good night."

No, I did not think so. But where one cannot make the truth plain, it is cheapest and easiest to lie. I could not have made young Houson understand—perhaps I can make no one understand—that where a flower from God's garden, if that figure makes my meaning plain—that is to say, a soul which has somehow remained *au naturel* in its pristine and normal and unworldly state—should be transplanted and try to strike root amid the dry rot of our time and place then it shall surely die.

When young Houson's time of probation is over, when the weed comes off his hat and he is seen again at the assemblies and like places, I make no doubt that he will blab his story into some sympathizing woman's ear as he blabbed it into mine. She will console him, and he will hardly be able to make such a mistake again for the reason of this household's paucity of subjects for such mistakes.

But I think that, aside from questions of rent and coal bills, I should never marry. When I think of the possibilities of havoc conferred by matrimony, even as a man whose limitations in the way of positive action are set by the substitution of a white tie after a dinner for a black cravat before dinner, I shudder.

A MYSTERIOUS HOUSE.

Raided by the Revenue Officers, Who Find Out What Its Secret Is.

On the Palisades, back of Hoboken, stands a queer looking building, in the center of a big hollow, just off a street and not more that 300 feet from the bluff. Everything about the place is mysterious looking, and it superstitious stranger would at once feel convinced that it was a haunted house, the scene of some dark and bloody crime.

People are seen at times coming in and going out of the house, and years ago this fact and the general air of secrecy gave rise to rumors of a band of robbers, etc. Then it was whispered that whisky was being distilled there, the proprietors neglecting the formality of paying tribute to the government.

Indeed, so strong did the impression become, that the revenue officers began to watch the place. Finally they made a raid, but their search proved fruitless, for nary a drop of liquor could they find nor hide nor hair of anything bearing the remotest resemblance to a still.

But lately found who the people in the mysterious house were, and what they did for a living. The eldest of the party was a Frenchman, and he had discovered a method of growing mushrooms. It was to his interest to preserve his secret; hence the loneliness of the house and the mysterious movements of its occupants.

To this day, winter and summer, mushrooms are grown there and find their way to the tables of hotels all over the country. —*New York Telegram.*

Twin Brothers' Handwriting.

"I heard a good story the other day," said one of the orators, "on a couple of Lewiston men. They are twin brothers and the most remarkable in some respects that ever existed. Both are of scientific, artistic turn of mind, and remarkably capable in many ways. The most curious thing to me, however, is the fact that their great resemblance extends even to their handwriting and has been a great puzzle to bank officials and everybody else. These brothers are inventive and have lately patented an important device. The story, as I heard it, is that after the specification and affidavits, etc., etc., were made, it was required that both should make oath and sign documents. They did so and the papers were sent to the patent office.

"No long after their attorneys received notification of irregularities in proceedings and soon the specified statement was made, from the United States patent office, that the law required that both persons should sign the papers, while in this case, it was very evident that one person had signed both papers. The lawyer replied. Here was a direct statement. The United States patent office experts didn't say that they 'thought' that the names had been signed by the same person, but they deliberately stated, in so many words, that one person had signed both names. He had to make a personal explanation to the patent office and relate how wonderful is the wondrous affinity of birth."—*Lewiston Journal.*

The Tobacco Habit.

The *Medical Record* in an editorial upon this topic says: "The real facts as to the influence of tobacco on the health are fairly well established, and the occasional outburst of anti tobacco fanaticism does not affect received medical opinion. Tobacco is pernicious to growing children. Used in moderation, the majority of healthy adults can smoke it without harm. It does not in these shorten life or produce degenerative changes. Nearly one-half of Prof. Humprey's collection of centenarians were tobacco-users. It is particularly harmless to those who live out doors and engage in physical work. It is particularly apt to injure those who live indoors. The worst feature about its use is the difficulty some persons have in smoking in moderation. This is especially true of brain-workers, and it is for this reason that physicians never advise the acquirement of the tobacco habit. But among the great mass of working people the use of tobacco is apparently a harmless one."

His Daughter, too, Well Married.

A German banker, traveling by rail in a first class carriage towards Vienna, had as a fellow traveller at one of the intermediate stations an old gentleman, who entered into conversation and proved very pleasant. The banker got out before the companion, and before he did so asked the latter how far he was going. The gentleman replied to Vienna.

"I have a daughter very well married there," said the banker. "I should like to give you a note of introduction to her."

"I have also a daughter very well married there," said the other.

"Would it be too great a liberty to ask the name?" said the banker.

"My daughter," the gentleman answered, "is married to the Emperor of Austria."

It was the old King of Bavaria.

Good Enough for Him.

The young man had asked him for the hand of his daughter, and a pang wrung the father's heart of Mr. Kajones as he looked at the youth for some moments in silence and thought of the bitterness of parting with his well-beloved child.

"I suppose, Oliver," he said a last, "it is only natural and right that when the young birds become old enough to fly they should leave their parental nest and go off with their chosen mates to build nests of their own, and yet it hurts, Oliver; it hurts when I think of one of my fledgelings getting ready to fly away."

"This seems to be a good-sized nest," suggested the young man, anxious to soften the blow, "perhaps you'd rather have me and Alvira stop right here."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Honest Courage.

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday-school class, "whom, above all others, shall you wish to see when you get to heaven?"

With a face brightening up with anticipation the little fellow shouted: "Gerliah!"—*Boston Christian Register.*

LEARNING SPANISH.

How Bragg was Taught the Lingo of the Mexican People.

General E. S. Bragg, the United States Minister to Mexico, was at a Chicago hotel, and I thought it would be a good time to give him some instructions as to how he ought to attend to his business when he reaches the land of pulque and senoritas, so I called on him.

"Buenas dias, senor," I said on entering, and extending my hand added, by way of breaking the too long silence: "Como esta usted?"

"Ah, Mr. Usted," said the general, "I am glad to see you."

Plagued if he didn't think I was introducing myself.

"No habla usted espanol?" I persisted, but I saw it was of no use. The minister only glared at me a moment, and then began looking around for something heavy enough to knock a lunatic down with.

"You do not speak Spanish, I see," said I.

"Oh, ah," said the general, coloring very deeply. "Was that Spanish? Well, I do speak Spanish somewhat, but I was unprepared to hear it here."

"And where did you learn the language?" I asked.

"Oh, I picked it from some books I have here in my trunk. You see this appointment came on me all of a sudden, and I have been so busy making ready for the removal that I have not had much time to devote to study. Won't you please say that over again and say it slowly?" and he fished up a Spanish-English lexicon from his trunk. I began:

"Habla—"

"Hold on!" he interrupted; "wait till I find that."

"You won't find it where you are looking," I suggested. "It is pronounced 'abla,' but it begins with 'h.'"

He rans his fingers down the "h" column.

"There is no 'habla' here," he said.

"No, of course not. It is from the infinitive verb 'hablar'; you ——"

"Yes, yes," said the general: "here it is. 'Hablar, to speak.' I see. Now go on."

"Habla usted ——"

"Wait a minute," said he. "How do you spell that 'usted' business?"

I told him and he found the word

"All right," he said, "now we've got 'hobble usted,' to speak you. Go on."

"Habla usted espanol?"

"Espanol! I understand that—that's Spain," said he, proud of his accomplishment. "Now let's see! What you said was: 'To speak you Spain,' wasn't it?"

"That's pretty near it." I told him. "In English 'Hablu usted espanol?' is 'Do you speak Spanish?'"

"Well, I got pretty near to it, didn't I? Oh, I'm all right. I'm going to take this book along with me, and I guess I'll get on with it well enough to do the business of the United States. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," I said, "you need only two or three things in addition to that book."

"And what are they?" asked Gen. Bragg.

"Well, one is a good interpreter."

"And what else?"

"Oh, I should say get another good interpreter."

"Do you think I will need anything else besides this book and the two interpreters?" asked the general.

"N—n—no," I remarked doubtedly, "unless you get——"

"Get what?" he said. "Speak it right out."

"Well, one more interpreter."

The general appeared to think that I had advised wisely, and, unlike most men who have long been in politics, he appeared also to be grateful. If he gives good dinners, and keeps plenty of first class pulque on tap, I have no doubt he will make a good average Mexican Minister, and have the respect and confidence of the dons and donnas.—*Chicago Times.*

HE WENT ON RECORD.

The Tale of a "Promising" Young Man and a Machine.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?"

The lovely girl who asked this question of Marcellus Hankinson sat behind the center table with her hands in her lap, and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene?" he exclaimed, pale with emotion, and his throat gave speak; "the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you will trust your future in my hands my life shall be devoted to the task of making you happy. It will be my sole aim to shield you from the rude blasts of all adversity, to smooth your pathway through the world, to interpose my right arm between you and every danger that threatens to disturb your peace, and"—

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes with some timidity and confusion to the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping, and without——"

"Practical duties of housekeeping!" broke in the enthusiastic youth; "you will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar—"

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson; I am afraid you would find me thoughtless and extravagant in a great many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you would be willing to spend all your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I never would want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a disgraceful club or becoming a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene. I promise never to do either."

"Let me see," said the young lady, meditatively, "I think that is all—O! You will agree to have the word 'obey' left out of my part of the marriage service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey! Ha! ha! Why, my own, certainly. I am ever willing to promise to obey you."

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full-grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in a drawer of a secretary that stood against the wall, turned up the gas and beamed in a sweet yet businesslike manner upon the terror-stricken young man, "I am yours."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Convict's Kiss.

A more or less amusing incident is told at the expense of Miss Lelia Robinson, a woman who has some notoriety by her persistence in pushing herself into the ranks of the legal fraternity of this state. She was assistant counsel in a case in which an important witness was a man who is in the Massachusetts state prison on a life sentence. The unhappy wretch had not been out of durance for seventeen years, and the sight of a bit of the world, even though that bit was no more cheerful or attractive than the court room, filled his whole soul with a wild joy. He was so thoroughly delighted that in a moment of rapture he threw his arms about Miss Robinson and kissed her fervently, as a means of expressing his appreciation of the distant glimpse of liberty he had through means of the summons to the witness box enjoyed. The lawyer who was senior counsel in the case naturally felt called upon to defend Miss Robinson, since even admission to the bar does not confer upon a woman the strength to fight her own battles, when the convict disarmed his wrath and brought the blushes to the cheek of the maiden barrister by saying:

"I am glad she is your wife, because you will excuse me for kissing her. You see I couldn't help it."

The incident ought to be true, and is told as a fact. It illustrates the beautiful and refining influence of woman in the court-room, the jail, or wherever she may find herself. No doubt the convict is from that day a changed being. If he is not, he ought to be or the story has absolutely no moral whatever.—*Boston Letter.*

His Conscience Troubled Him.

Peter Spangler is one of Wayne county's well-known, well-to-do farmers. Thirty-five years ago he was a passenger from Lakeville to Wooster on the Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad, now known as the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago. The conductor on the train neglected to collect fare from Mr. Spangler, and to-day Mr. S called on Agent Levan at Wooster station, and informed him that he wanted to pay for the ride he took 35 years ago. Mr. Spangler said the matter had weighed on his conscience and he desired to pay the fare with interest thereon for all that time. The money has been forwarded to the general passenger agent.—*Wooster (Ohio) Paper.*

COTTON-SEED'S ROMANCE.

The Story of Its Rise in Agricultural Importance Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

Was there ever a history, this side of Cinderella, of the uprising of humility, like that of the cotton seed? See!

For 70 years despised as a nuisance, and burned or dumped as garbage.

Then discovered to be the very food for which the soil was hungering and reluctantly admitted to the rank of ugly utilities.

Shortly afterwards found to be nutritious food for beast as well as soil, and thereupon treated with something like respect.

Once admitted to the circle of farm husbandries, found to hold 35 gallons of pure oil to the ton, worth in its crude state $14 to the ton, or $40,000,000 for the whole crop of seed.

But then a system was devised for refining this oil up to a value of $1 a gallon, and the frugal Italians placed a cask at the root of every olive tree and then defied the Borean breath of the Alps.

And then experience showed that the ton of cotton-seed was a better fertilizer and a better stock when robbed of its 35 gallons of oil than before.

And that the hulls of the seed made the best of fuel for feeding the oil mill engine.

And that the ashes of the hulls scooped from the engine's drift had the highest commercial value as potash.

And that the "refuse" of the whole made the best and purest soap stock to carry to the toilet the perfumes of Lubin or Colgate.

About this time we began to spell cotton seed with capital letters.

And how it traveled abroad in its various dresses! As meal cakes it whitened the meadows of England with woolly fleeces and fattened the British cattle under the oaks; it sputtered on the stoves of the Dutch in lieu of lard; it glistened in the cafes of Paris as olive oils under seals and signatures it couldn't even pronounce to save its life, and from under the dikes in Holland it wenth forth to parade in all the bravery of butter and butterine.

In our own country it renewed the wasting strength of Southern fields and clad them with whiteness that would shame the fleeces of England, or yellow that would pale the fleeces of Argonauts. It knocked the Western hog on spots and poured the Western lard out of the frying-pan into the fire. It furnished the Armours and Fairbankses with a pure substitute for the rancid fat they had been shipping us, and suggested the possibility of a clean and cheap lard.

And about this time Congress jumped on to cotton-seed with both feet and proposed to check its further career by a prohibitory tax.

And now comes a gentleman of this city with a process by which he extracts thirty gallons of fine oil from every ton of cotton-seed meal after the oil mills have done with it. In the "tailings" of the oil mills he finds this unexpected and ample store, which he deftly extracts with naphtha, leaving the meal more nutritious as food for beast or feed than before he took $10 per ton from it.

This process he has proved repeatedly in his laboratory, and next week will approve in wider practice in a mill erected for the purpose near Atlanta. This invention will add 40 per cent. to the quantity of oil taken by the old process from a given quantity of seed.

More than this, it suggests the splendid possibilities yet undeveloped for this rural Cinderella that has risen all so swiftly from the ashes and the waste heap!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WANTED TO SEE HER AUNTIE.

A Fair Young Thing Trying to Beat Her Way.

The amount of gall displayed by some of the fraternity of dead-head travelers is appalling. The other day a handsome and well-dressed young woman called at the mayor's office and wanted transportation to Texarkana, Ark. Secretary Brucker had no jurisdiction in her case, and wrote her a polite letter of introduction to the pass commissioner. There she encountered a searching cross-examination, and the many questions elicited her story.

"Where are you from?"

"East Saginaw."

"What do you want to go to Texarkana for?"

"I have an auntie there."

"Have you any money?"

"Not a cent."

"How did you get here?"

"Party in Saginaw sent me here and said you would pay my way to Texarkana."

"We can't do it."

"I'll tell you," and her big blue eyes looked as good as the United States treasury, "if you'll forward me there I'll see that you get your money back, every cent of it. Come now."

"We're not here to lend public money. We'll send you back to Saginaw, but nowhere else."

"Don't want to go there and won't. Say, send me to Jackson or Chicago, and I'll get the rest of the way."

"Can't do it. Why don't you go to work?"

"The doctor says it would kill me. I've got to get back to my auntie."

"Go back to Saginaw then, and let them send you."

"I was only there a year, and I don't know any one. They wouldn't send me."

"You don't know any one here, either, and we can't furnish you transportation. Where's your home?"

"Brockway Center, but I won't go back there. No use talking of that. I want you to send me to Texarkana, to my auntie!"

"Can't do it!" and the weary official left the fair applicant talking sweetly and earnestly to the unheeding hole in the window, to which she confided her indignation, and then left to work some other scheme.

"We have lots of em," said the official, "and good-looking women seem to predominate. If that woman really wants to get to Texarkana, she'll have her way, but she can't work us."

Trust.

The Rubber Trust may stretch its credit.

The Sugar Trust is sweet on its members.

The Nail Trust has been driven home by the Hammer Trust.

The Oil Trust greases the wheels of its own machinery.

The Reaper Trust is having a good harvest.

The Cattle Trust can get on without watering.

The Hog Trust never "squeals." It does not want the earth, only to root in it.

The Tobacco Trust chews up competitors, smokes them out and leaves nothing of them.

The Public Office Trust is a Cleveland myth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Why He's a Bachelor.

"Well, for my part," said Fenderson, "I don't think much of your smart women. If other men want to marry them it's no affair of mine; but none of them for me, thank you. I don't want a wife that knows more than I do."

"And so," remarked Fogg, "you remain single."—*Boston Transcript.*

He Was an Anthropoid.

"What is an anthropoid, George?" said said Bessie, just before they turned the lamp down.

"An anthropoid, my dear, is an animal resembling a man," was George's prompt reply.

"Why, George, I stood up in front of one for eight blocks in the cars this afternoon."

And the lamp flickered and went out.

Parting of the Ways.

Little Johnny—(after a spanking)—Aunt Susie, are you going to heaven?

Aunt Susie—Why, yes; I hope so.

Johnny—Well, when you die and I die and we both go to heaven and get to be angels, I shan't fly where you fly.

No Black Ghosts.

An exchange wants to know "why it is, with so many negroes dying, nobody ever sees a black ghost." It is for the same reason that, with so many white people dying nobody ever sees a white ghost.—*Norristown Herald.*

Interesting Facts.

Chicago Journal.

The Empire of Germany, consisting of twenty-six different states, the chief of which is Prussia, has a total population of 46,8 5,704 according to a census taken in 1885. The territorial area of the empire is 211,196 square miles.

ELSEY FARM.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND WON.

BY DAVID R. LOCKE.

Mr. Cassidy left the house in a curious frame of mind. He had not dreamed of any such condition being attached; he had expected to compel her to marry him upon the simple promise of his caring for her family. But he had promised her this great fortune! What did she ask it for? He could not fathom her purpose. Should he withdraw now? He could not. The struggle for the possession of the prize had enhanced its value to him a thousand fold, and must have it.

"What do I care?" thought he. "To make her my wife for a single day, is of more value to me than a thousand Elsey Farms. I will do it."

Mary Elsey, the moment he left, sent for Mr. Hopkins and gave him full and explicit directions as to the papers she wished executed.

"I desire," said she to him, "that great care shall be exercised in the drawing of these papers that every possible precaution be taken against openings for evasions, and—

"I know the party," returned the lawyer, "and appreciate the necessity for care. But fear nothing. I will draw up those papers so that if John Cassidy's name is ever on them, John Cassidy himself will never find a flaw in them. You must have paid a large price to get back the old farm."

"A fearful price," was her reply, as she left the office.

That afternoon she met John Cassidy at the lawyer's office, and the papers were executed, Cassidy signing them, with competent witnesses.

As he held the pen in his hand before writing his name, he hesitated. Could there be a trick about this? Would she perform her part of the contract in good faith? The attaching of his name to that paper, put millions out of his control. He looked at her, and gritting his teeth, signed it.

"Mr. Hopkins, will you see that this deed is placed upon record immediately? I prefer that you should go with it personally."

"One month from to-day," she said to Cassidy, and left the office.

Cassidy went out with her, as if he would accompany her to her home.

"No," she said to him fiercely, "not a step with me. One month, and you will have it in your power to command me. Till then I will be free of you. I shall not see you till then. Leave me to myself till I promise to obey you."

And she walked away, leaving him standing on the sidewalk alone.

"In one month I shall be your legal master," he muttered in an undertone, "and you shall suffer for this insolence."

Cassidy went to his office, for he wanted quiet. He wanted to reflect. He had loved money more than any other thing on earth, till he had met Mary Elsey. And the moment he was away from her, the old grasping spirit of avarice took possession of him, and the half repented himself that he had done so. Elsey Farm was worth millions, and yet, under the influence of a passion for a woman he had parted with it, and parted with it on a mere verbal promise. Such a promise she might not regard an instant. Would she? That was what tormented him. He got the farm by fraud—was not Mary Elsey justified in getting it back by fraud? Would she marry him as she had promised?

These thoughts were tossing through his mind as he sat with his head bowed upon his his desk.

A touch upon his shoulder aroused him. He looked up, and there stood by his side the last man in the world that he wanted to see—John Moss.

"Morning, Cassidy," was Moss's half-insolent salutation.

"You here again!" exclaimed Cassidy, angrily. "I supposed I had seen the last of you. Our agreement was, that I gave you the last money, that I should see you no more."

"I have changed my mind, Cassidy. I had to see you once more."

"For what?"

"For money!"

"Money! What have you done with the last five thousand dollars I gave you? What did you do with the first five thousand? Ten thousand dollars you have had from me, and you come to me for more. I will not give you another cent."

"Ten thousand dollars is very little for killing a man, Cassidy."

"It is five thousand dollars more than I promised you."

"That doesn't matter. I killed the man for you, and must have more money. I must have more money."

"You will not get it from me, John Moss," said Cassidy, blazing with excitement. "You killed Paul Bates. Very good, I did not. You shall have it hacksawed. I defy you to show that I had any connection with his death. Do your worst. Not another cent from me."

"You will not advance me any more money, eh?"

"Not a cent."

"Very well, Mr. Cassidy, I did not kill Paul Bates."

"What?"

"I did not kill Paul Bates. Paul Bates is alive this minute, and in a tolerable state of health."

"What do you mean?" asked Cassidy, his face pale as death.

"I mean what I say. Paul Bates is not dead. I will confess to you, that it is no fault of mine that he is not dead. When I levelled my rifle at him he was as good as a dead man, but the instant I pulled the trigger he moved, and that movement saved his life. The ball entered him just two inches aside from where I intended it. He received an ugly wound, but not enough to kill a vigorous man. The Federals, with whom I had been acting, fell back, and the rebels, whom I subsequently joined, picked him up, and—"

"Where is he now?"

"In a rebel hospital, recovering from his wound. I saw him alive and in good health. I had assumed the Confederate uniform after I left him, and I naturally took an interest in his fate. He will be out of the hospital in three weeks, and will be exchanged immediately."

"If what you state is true, I owe you nothing, and have no reason to give you anything. It was to kill Paul Bates that I employed you. If he is not dead, why should I give you more money?"

"Because it is your interest to do so, Mr. Cassidy—because you can't help yourself. The fact is, the man who uses unlawful weapons is in danger of being cut with them. I acknowledge that had Paul Bates been actually dead, I should have come to you so long as I supposed I could get a dollar, as the price of keeping the secret. Now, that he is not dead, I come with even more confidence. In fact it is, I am certain, of getting what I want."

"If he is not dead," replied Cassidy, "I have committed no crime. Who would believe a statement, that I employed you to kill him?"

"All this is well enough," said Moss, with with a most malicious grin; "but when I found he was alive and beyond my attentions, it occurred to me to investigate and discover why you wanted him out of the way. I didn't take a man of an inquisitive mind a great while to do it. I learned all that I wanted to know on my last visit here. I discovered that you were in love with a woman who was not in love with you but who was in love with Paul Bates. I learned of the purchase of Elsey farm, and the communicative people here about all trusts that I was an infamous swindle,

Recent Literature.

NEW BOOKS OF ALL SORTS.

Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets—Sara Crewe—History of Sunday Legislation—Maximina—Gatling Gun Tactics—Memoirs of an Arabian Princess—How To Get Rich in the South—Leon Roch—Tramp Through Switzerland—Literary Notes.

Students of Shakespeare who really love the wonderful poet, the many-minded man of genius, regard with the utmost jealousy any approach of what may seem to detract from his intellectual power as the individual William Shakespeare. Perhaps there is no other writer whose friends and admirers hold him in such absolute reverence. This is the reason why the claim made that Bacon and not Shakespeare was the author of the works that bear the name of the latter has aroused such bitter contention, the dispute sometimes waxing exceedingly tempestuous. It is hard to displace the image of the gentle Will with that of the astute courtier, and few are found who are ready to admit that there is or can be any argument strong enough to prove its necessity in order to carry out the truth.

A late work in this direction is entitled "Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets," by H. L. Hosmer, which is published by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco. A careful examination of the book shows a subtle web of theory, in which, if certain premises are accepted in the beginning, scarcely a flaw can be found to the end. Whether they be received or not depends largely upon the temperament and preconceived ideas of the reader.

Mr. Hosmer calls attention in the beginning to the likeness between the works of these two great writers—a likeness which he affirms has received the notice of critics and scholars of every generation since their first appearance.

He then asks the reader to assume that Bacon was the real author of the sonnets, through which he intended by the various forms of allegory, metaphor, etc., to disclose the real facts concerning the composition of the works attributed to Shakespeare, the reason why the authorship was transferred to him, and the way it was done. Proceeding from this assumption he produces a chain of reasoning which is, to say the least, extremely ingenious, and is worth an examination. He uses this supposition, which he calls the key, through all of the sonnets. The book shows a great deal of careful thought, study and research.

"Sara Crewe" is another of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular books and has been brought out by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Child life has never been more naturally and pleasantly depicted than by this writer. Her "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was of absorbing interest not only to children but to the most critical grown-up people. "Sara Crewe" can be taken as supplemental to "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in the sense that it recites girl life, in the same spirit the former volume gave us boy life. It is a charming picture, natural, child like, and arouses the good in every reader. Its simplicity through all of the sonnets. The book shows a great stories are educators in the best sense of the term.

"A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from 321 to 1888 A. D." is a book by A. H. Lewis, author of "Sabbath and Sunday," "Argument and History" etc. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The author justly claims that the experience of the past must be the basis of legislation for the future. At the same time he says that the facts which he presents will do away with many of the theories that have become dear to the reverent with regard to what is necessary for Sunday. The book will be found very interesting as a matter of history, and well worth a careful reading.

"Gatling Gun Tactics," is a little book compiled by Capt. Owen J. Hopkins, of Toledo, which has taken a high place among military men for its real value. It has been already adopted as a standard for the instruction of the Artillery of the Ohio National Guard, having received the most cordial approval of the Board of Officers whose duty it is to select the very best authorities upon all such subjects. It will, no doubt pass to still higher honors.

From Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, comes a novel entitled "Maximina," which is designed to show what life in the Spanish capital is when stirred up by a revolutionary fever. It was written by Don Armando Palacio Valdes, author of "The Marquis of Penalta." The translation into English is by Nathan Haskell Dole. A beautiful girl from the Provinces, and her husband, a young aristocrat, editor of a liberal journal in Madrid, are in the foreground, and in the swim of Spanish society. Critics speak of the book with warm praise for its naturalness, high tone and graphic fidelity to Madrid characteristics and scenes.

The "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, a translation of the autobiography of Emily Reute, born the Princess Salme of Oman and Zanzibar, daughter of Sejid Said, iman of Muscat, and sultan of Zanzibar, is a most interesting picture of life and customs in the Mohammedan island kingdom of Africa, in which Germany and England have in recent years shown so much concern. The princess was one of many daughters of a good and kindly ruler, at whose court she was plunged into much trouble by a warfare between her brothers for the possession of the throne. She became acquainted with a young German engaged in commerce, eloped with and married him much to the indignation of her family. She made good her escape to Germany where she now lives with her children. Her description of life in the island paradise where she was born are naive, and it is plain that for all her instruction in Christianity she is still an Arab at heart.

"How to Get Rich in the South" is the title of a book by W. H. Harrison, jr., telling what to do in this direction, how to do it, and the profits to be realized. Mr. Harrison has made an intelligent and valuable book on Southern agriculture, horticulture and stock raising, giving details about the leading productions of all sections of the South. The opportunities he sees there exceed those of any other part of the country. The summer days, he says, are shorter and not so hot, and the winter days are longer and not so cold as in the North. Good springs of water are found almost every where, fuel costs very little, land is cheap, water powers are well distributed and the inhabitants are warranted to be kind and sociable. The mineral resources are immense. Books of this kind are too apt to deal with generalities. This volume gives particulars. Published by the W. H. Harrison, jr., Publishing Co., Chicago.

From W. S. Gottsberger, New York, comes "Leon Roch," a romance by Perez Galdos, translated from the Spanish by Clara Bell, which has for a hero a scholarly skeptic, married to a strict devotee, who tries, by the aid of her brother, a priest, to convert him. There are other complications which assist in causing wretchedness and a ruined home. Published in two volumes, paper cover.

John B. Alden publishes a neat little volume entitled "A tramp Through Switzerland" by B. F. Leggett. Every chapter of it is interesting. Starting in at Zurich the mountain scenery is described. Lake Lucerne, the valley of Uri, snowballing in August upon the montains, among the glaciers, across Chamouny and its valleys, through the black forest, all furnish themes which are admirably handled by the author.

Twenty-three Answers by So Many Religious Teachers to the Question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of the belief in a life hereafter?" form a series of articles published in the Christmas number of the Boston *Herald* and reappears in a compact little volume under the title of "The Hereafter," bearing the imprint of D. Lothrop Company, Boston. The contributors to the series include representative preachers and teachers of nearly every religious denomination in the country. The writers include James Freeman Clarke, Joseph Cook, Dr. Bartol, Rabbi Schindler, Julian K. Smyth, Brooke Hereford, Henry W. Foote and others.

Literary Notes.

Miss Susan Hale will write the "Story of Mexico" for the Story of the Nations Series.

Mrs. Stowe, it is reported, continues to receive an income of $1,500 a year in royalties on the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, will issue soon "Ten Years of Massachusetts," by Raymond L. Bridgman.

Mr. Bancroft, the venerable historian, is thought to be the only American now living who met and remembers Lord Byron.

One of the presents that Whittier received on his 80th birthday, was a copy of the first newspaper printed in the town of Whittier, Cal. The material was fine silk.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, the translator of Tolstoi, is now in St. Petersburg, where she expects to receive an advance copy of a new work which the Russian realist has in hand.

Messrs. Armstrong & Co., publishers of the *New Princeton Review*, will issue, during the first days of April, Miss Grace King's first book, with the title of "Monsieur Motte."

Good Housekeeping contains an excellent article by Mrs. Scoville about a baby's requirements, as regards food, clothing, cleanliness and sleep, and her very sensible suggestions should be read and remembered by every mother.

An article relative to the charming domestic life of President Jefferson in the White House and at Monticello, among his grandchildren, appears in the March *Wide Awake*, with portraits from paintings, autograph letters, and other illustrations.

The "One Hundred Prize Questions" in *Lippincott's Magazine*, for answers to which prizes amount to $175 are offered by the managers, are exciting unusual interest, and the libraries in all the large cities find a tremendous run upon their works of reference.

In a profusely illustrated article on "Bull Fighting in Mexico," in the *Cosmopolitan* for March, William Henry Bishop, the well known novelist and author of "The House of a Merchant Prince," relates the curious fact that this brutal form of sport is fairly ravaging our sister Republic.

The stories of E. P. Roe still appear to lead all others in their hold upon the American people. His publishers announce the third edition, 32d thousand, of "The Earth Trembled," published in October last, and they are printing a cheap edition of 100,000 copies of "An Original Belle," the scene of which is laid during the New York draft riots in 1863.

Amelie Rives will contribute her first novel to *Lippincott's Magazine* for April. It is entitled "The Quick or the Dead?" and is described as full of passion and interest. A portrait of the beautiful authoress, and a biographical sketch by an intimate friend, form other attractions of the number.

Reports from Paris state that Dr. Henry Schliemann, now in Greece, has made a discovery of the highest interest—the ruins of a temple of great antiquity. A new book embodying these and other discoveries may be expected from him in the course of time. He is said to be in vigorous health.

—Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

She has Web Feet.

A gentleman living in Albina, Oregon, tells the Albina *Courier* man of a girl born at Echo, near Umatilla, that has web-footed, for a fact. The girl is now 19 years of age and lives at a little town on the Oregon Railway and Navigation.

Shortly before her birth and when her parents were residing at Echo her mother, who was a new comer to the Pacific coast, was continually making sport of web feet, and frequently occasion to ridicule their manners, customs and habits. Frequently her neighbors laughingly told her to beware, for she was liable to raise a family of web feet herself.

Undoubtedly some of these retorts caused a deep impression on her mind. At any rate about the first thing the mother inquired about when the child was born was in regard to the babe's feet. Much to her surprise and disgust the infant was found to be web-footed.

During the girl's childhood the peculiarities of her lower extremities was well known among her near neighbors, but since she has attained womanhood the fact has been carefully concealed. She is to-day a handsome girl, wears a small shoe, and, with the exception of the webs between the toes, has as shapely a foot as any young lady.

—We take pleasure in recommending the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as safe and reliable for restoring gray hair to its natural color.

A Bad Case that Even a Month's Experience Wouldn't Cure.

Our capacity for affection is not to be valued too lightly, and genuine love is an article of which there should be a generous supply in every well ordered household; but the harsh, cold, unsympathetic world is likely to do-something-or-nothing when a bride of a month stands at the second flight of stairs and calls down to her husband who is in the hall below:

"Walter, dear?"

"Yes, darling?"

"You gone yet, love?"

"No, bet."

"Are you in a hurry, sweetest?"

"A little, precious."

"Could you come back here just for a moment, darling?"

"What for, lovey?"

"Oh, for something, dearie."

"What is it, birdie?"

"Only come and see, darling."

"I am now, little girlie."

"Only for a moment, gearest."

"Can't you tell me where I am, pet?"

"No, sweetheart."

"All right, love, I am coming."

"You dear old boy!"

"You darling!"

This is a bad case, but, ten to one, they'll get over it in time.—*Tid-Bits.*

Give Them the Go By.

The public are advised to give the go-by to articles claimed to possess the same qualities as, or are proffered instead of SOZODONT, that incomparable preservative and restorer of the teeth, is like itself, and nothing else. Purchase that alone.

Mexican Dress.

The peon woman wear only scanty skirts and a mantilla of gaudy or black stuff. The women of the better class delight in French shoes and skirts and tournures, their clothing crackles with the starch in them, and according to degree they wear hats or mantillas of lace or fine stuff. The masculine attire in Chihuahua, and indeed of all Northern Mexico, is varied. The bloods wear American clothing, with an apology for the cut of which no national dress. Pot hats and frock coats abound. Then come the ranchers with their short jackets, fancy shirts, skin-tight pantaloons with bell buttons, and extravagantly embroidered and lace sombrero. The peons are all tightly clad beneath, canvas trousers predominating and bare legs being plenty. The hair is bound back by a band round the forehead and the inevitable zarape, usually an Indian-made blanket, plain or of gaudy stripes, is wrapped over the shoulders and hangs to the knees. In the cold morning and evening air of Chihuahua the effect to full-blooded American eyes is ludicrous. The peon's legs seem to be in winter and his body in summer. But they are his legs, and we overlook the effect for that reason, being satisfied with the condition of our own.—*Cor. of Cleveland Penn Dealer.*

—For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." "I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

In Plain English.

Patient (to family physican)—In your absence, doctor, I was compelled to call in young Dr. Sawbones. He said that the clinical symptoms indicated chronic interstitial inflammation. What's that in plain English?

Family Physician—In plain English it means that Sawbones didn't know what was the matter with you.

Free! Free! Trial package for the instant relief and speedy cure of Asthma. Address Hoffinger's Drug Store, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

A Country Boy.

"What is a monk?" asked a teacher of a class.

Finally, one of the larger boys who was born and raised in the Rocky Mountains, answered, "Why our old cat ketched lots of 'em last summer."

He evidently meant chip munks.

A Firm Piece of Goods.

"Did I understand you to say, Mrs. Kendricks," inquired Dumley, who was trying to carve the duck, "that this is a canvas-back?"

"Yes," returned the landlady. "Why?"

"I was only going to remark that there is nothing of the shoddy about the material."—*Sun.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LIVING IN JAPAN.

PECULIAR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

How the Japs Bathe and Dress—Murdering the Queen's English—Life in the Interior—An Amusing Experience—Difficulties of Eating and Sleeping—An Unpleasant Pleasure Trip.

Written for the BLADE.

When one has lived in a country a year, the novelty which was at first so strongly apparent has much diminished, and he finds himself taking things as they come, with but little thought of their being at all different from his former life. Still there are certain strange customs and manners which enter into one's life in sunny Japan that can not fail to tickle a fellow's sense of the ludicrous if he has lived here a hundred years, and I want to give a few items on what is certainly the ludicrous side of Japan.

The Japanese are rapidly assimilating foreign ideas and manners, but this is the chief thing that leads to lots of fun at their expense. They are small, as a rule, and not very prepossessing in their appearance, so that when, from their love of foreign costumes they are led to appear in foreign clothes, they cut a queer figure.

A JAPANESE SUIT OF CLOTHING

consists of simply one long piece of cloth with long sleeves, in which he can entirely disappear at will. But when he gets into a suit of American clothes the first time, he is like a bashful young man from the country. He is at a loss to know what to do with his hands; and his feet, which he has been accustomed to sit on, are seen to cross each other repeatedly in their vain attempt to assume the proper position. But this ludicrous side in dress appears more often when the children of fiends appear in full dress.

Last New Year's day I met a number of these officials making calls. One was arrayed in a full dress suit of glossy beaver, spike-tail coat, plug hat and all complete, but alas his spacious shirt front was of blue flannel. Another evidently had this man's shirt, for it was of faultless white; his vest was cut low in the neck, his coat was of a good fit, but his trousers had either been cut for a taller man or had been out in the wet, for at every step the observer could see above the tops of his shoes, revealing the fact that Mr. Officer was sockless. The attire of another was faultless except that his silk plug set gayly back on his head was evidently "Spring style of 1863."

The Japs are a great people for bathing. A whole family go to the public bath house, where several other whole families are assembled and where

NO PRIVACY IS SECURED

by separate rooms, and all sitting around a large tub of hot water, assist each other in getting clean. This sort of thing was not disposed of in the seventies to a great degree of morality, so some years ago the authorities passed a law that the sexes should bathe in different apartments. The letter of the law was complied with by placing a long bamboo pole in the middle of the apartment which thus secured the privacy aimed at by the law.

Under these circumstances I do not wonder the the Japs love to bathe. They bathe very regularly and the charges are one cent a bathe.

A gentleman, who is engaged in teaching English to the Japanese custom house officers, gave me some letters in English written by his scholars. I will probably be interested in reading some of which are here copied:

ENGLISH AS SHE'S WRIT.

dear Teacher

I will now write you on the horse. The horse is a very better one than onother animals. because its body gives using to persons, and then I will tell about its open action. Sometimes also somebody will go many miles between few hour on horse back which mankind cannot walk in few hours. Therefore I think this act ferstrate.

My dear Friend:

The sacred horary day are the weather unhoalthy and then I have had very busy from few days ago, but I have finished this morning all my duty and I am very glad that the sky is clear up to day. I think I will take the liberty whose if you have the kindness to come to enjoy my dinner I am very much obliged to you. Your truthfully,

The following letter is from a Ph. D.

Dear Father:

I hereby finished the classes at the University I got the decree of Doctor on last examination. Please send me a line to say what you are living on and dose not you feel glad for me as I am engaged to the custom house?

When the busy season is not any more I will return to the country and amuse myself by looking at you.

Your affectionate son,

I wonder what was so very amusing about the old man.

The following letter I think takes the cake:

Mr. dear and respectable sir:

I will write you about some story as follows. I went to Osaka the last few days and then I saw two dogs which they have fighted. Among them one dog was very strong therefore at length bited another one it I have another reason I will therefore write you once more again. Good bye.

I am, sir Yours faithfully and Fraternally.

The above are fair samples of how the Japs murder English, and applies as well to the spoken language.

But the Japs are not alone laughed at in this country for making mistakes. Foreigners come in for their fair share. Shortly after I came to Japan, I took a trip into the interior, and wanting to order some boiled eggs for breakfast, I ordered instead some boiled sweet dog, *inu*. This broke the servants all up and earned for me the name of Chinaman, as the proclivities of the Chinese for dog flesh are well known. But I got even with the pretty waitress who started the name on me, for she expressed herself as anxious to learn the expression, "I think so," but the nearest she could come to it was "I stinck so." Blunders of this kind are constantly happening to both Japanese and foreigners to the great diversion of all concerned.

I was at a hotel recently where some Japs were eating. During the meal one of them took a toothpick from the holder, picked at his molars awhile, and, it not suiting him, replaced it in the holder and selected another. Another ate part of a dish of meat, and then calling the hotel dog, put the plate on the floor and let him finish the course. I had the pleasure of hearing some loud talk by the landlord, followed by the noise of a plate broken on the floor in an adjoining room, which I hope was a sufficient hint for the dirty Jap. This man had probably been in France, where such occurrences are very frequent. Some one would do the foreigners in Japan a great act of kindness by introducing for the exclusive use of the Japs the knife of the great American sword swallower, which I saw illustrated in *Puck* last year. This knife is made so that by the pressure of the lips two sharp pieces open up horizontally to the blade, like a patent hayfork, and catch the sword swallower in the cheeks. The Japs, it seems, can never learn to dispense with a knife for the purpose of shoveling food into their mouths.

Above I give you a picture of Buddha, which is described by "the Kotokuin, at Kamakura, in the province of Sagami," in the following language:

"In the year of 737, A. D., Emperor Shomu, being a bigot, caused numerous monasteries to be erected over Japan; this monastery, the Kotokuin, at Kamakura, is one of these monasteries, built by him in such an early period. In this ancient monastery the enormous bronze image is standing and is noted for its grandeur. This image, which was built by Ono Goroyemon, a famous bronze caster under the order of Shogun Minamotono-Yoritomo in the year of 1250, is the image of Buddha, a chief deity in the Buddhism, and, though injured much by huge waves in 1495, is now still in an excellent preservation in this monastery. It is about 50 feet in height, 98 feet in waist circumference, the length of the face is 8½ feet, and of the eye is 4 feet, and of the ear is 6 feet 6½ inches, and of the nose is 3 feet 8½ inches; the diameter of the lap is 35 feet; the circumference of the thumb is over 3 feet."

The man with the bicycle on the left is the writer of this article.

You will be interested to know the foreigner's life when he is far in the interior.

TO SOJOURN IN JAPAN ON JAPANESE FARE

is at first a novel idea, but a week's sojourn greatly wears the novelty away, and leaves in its place a feeling of supreme disgust with life *a la Japanese*. Most foreign travelers in Japan take plenty of canned meats with them, knowing that the native fare is not at all palatable to the foreigner; but I happened to take a trip with two missionaries who were anxious to learn as rapidly as possible Japanese manners and customs, and therefore sternly resolved to subsist only on native food, if, as the Irishman said, it killed them.

We sought a hotel at the first town after leaving European civilization, and were shown into a room which answered as sitting room, dining room and bed room. It was quite cold, and we all gathered around a *hibachi*, or the stove. This consists of a sort of urn about a foot and a half high and two feet in diameter, within which is placed charcoal, the only fuel used here. There we sniffed ourselves, and after coffee gets a little experience he tells the limbs of the law to go to sheol and that he will not get up under any circumstances till the morning.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

The next morning we were up early and ordered the pretty waitress to bring our breakfasts as soon as possible. In time breakfast came and it was accompanied by an odor that was strong enough to carry bricks. We implored the waiter with tears in our eyes to remove the vile-smelling dish which we found to be decayed fish fried, a dish which the Japs are very fond of. We finally made out a breakfast on sweet potatoes, rice, hard bread and hard bread stewed in a kind of fish oil.

Our trip now took us by sea and we took passage on board a *kojoki*, or small steamer. The first-class passengar department was in a room far aft, just over the stern wheel, so that perfect the peculiar jerky motion known to the small boat. If the passenger is unfortunate enough to be seasick and has to lie down, this screw seems like some infernal instrument designed especially for the torture of the sick man. The jerky motion seems to enter one's head and wiggle down his spinal column, never leaving him till it had given his toes a parting twist.

We got to our destination by nightfall, and after a poor excuse for a supper retired early, expecting a night of refreshing slumber; but alas for fond hopes. We had no sooner got into our *futons* than a vast army of cannibal fleas made an attack "all along the line," which, for me, rendered sleep out of the question. Throughout the night we fought as valiantly as our thousand wounds would permit, and it was only towards morning that we surrendered, and worn out with the sanguinary battle, fell into a troubled slumber in the full power of fleadom.

In the morning, after insulting my stomach with what the Japs called a good square meal, I bade farewell to the missionaries, and started for home, where I duly arrived, as pale, wan and hungry as if I had had a close call from typhoid fever.

Since that highly delightful trip I have not been anxious to take little pleasure excursions in the country and experience the novelties of Japanese life.

BURT O. SQUIER.

Yokohama, Japan, January 28, 1888.

—As the hair has a shadow, so the slightest disease of the scalp threatens the hair. Put the scalp in healthy condition by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Scalpine. It restores the hair, and as a hair-dressing it has no equal.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A WRITER for the Contributor's Club in the *Atlantic* for February has a grievance with which, no doubt, many among us can sincerely sympathize. He has a neighbor who is *too* honest, one who feels it a duty to keep him constantly in mind of his faults. They are laid before him in the most cold-blooded manner. Indeed it is the utter absence of feeling of any kind that renders the speech of this too-honest friend so exasperating. He comments upon what has a life and death interest to his hearer in precisely the same tone that he would use in speaking of the weather. "I wonder," says the complainant, "whether it really is childish to dislike hearing one's weaknesses commented upon in that way." At any rate he thinks a little delicacy of treatment would not come amiss. It is probable that most of us are of the same opinion. "Nobody thinks it polite or kind to talk to a hunchback about his deformity," then why should any different rule be admissible in the treatment of what the critic believes are moral and mental hunchbacks in social life."

THE curious and quite startling discoveries that are being made every day in these later years disproving what has been accepted, and establishing things hitherto contemptuously rejected, renders one extremely doubtful as to whether the evidence of the senses are ever to be entirely relied upon. In the recent researches of the two scientific French gentlemen, Messrs. Binet and Fere, in animal magnetism, it was shown that a hypnotized subject could be brought out of a trance and be made to see every one present except some one who, while in that state he was instructed not to see. For the subject that person absolutely does not exist, nor can he be made to feel his touch or perceive his presence, even if he stands in his way. The complete blotting out of the existence of one individual to the material consciousness of another, by the influence of the mind of a third, arouses to intensity the desire of a satisfying answer to the ever recurring question of "What are We?"

IT is astonishing how ingenious the human mind is in getting up novelties to please the senses. When nature ceases to bring wonders enough to the pleasure seeker to keep off *ennui*, then art is searched for and bound down in some way in order to produce the required enjoyment. It is said that Albert Durer was so extremely fond of music that he had musical decanters constructed, which would give forth strains of music as soon as the wine began to pour into them. Each one played a different tune, so that at a dinner, the successive filling of each guest's glass would give a whole concert. Talk about the luxurious tastes of the ancient Greeks and Romans! There are no people of any age of the world to whom the acquiring of large possessions, rendering economy unnecessary, does not bring a strong desire for whotever money can buy, and the further advanced in the arts they are, the more extravagant they will be.

THE man who tries to catch each pleasure ere it flies is described by Will Professor in the current number of *The Judges*:

"Der sunny hours got put between
Dem hours auf storms unt rain,
Unt summer days mit leaves of green
Got sandwiched too again.
Dot wisest man is he who reaps
Each joy while he soes,
He sees it die, unt stands unt weeps
Because it is no more.

I lofe dot man who tries to catch
Time's forelock as he flies
Unt from life's peemess trios to snatch
Some bleasure ere it dies.
His habby smile my stirit cheers
Like sunshine after rain,
No bast or future claims his tears;
No memories pring him pain."

ABSENT-MINDED people are either very selfish or very affected, and at any rate they are very disagreeable. Their odd actions are often humorous and make good subjects for laughable anecdotes; but after all, such peculiarities become tiresome as well as aggravating to those who are compelled to be associated with them. A mind that is so weak that it is unable to hold more than one subject at a time often betrays itself in the middle of a conversation, by fits and starts as though awakening from a dream. The "brown studies" are more often affected than real. Great minds filled with wondrous workings and schemes which when completed will prove a benefit to the world, can be excused when wandering from the subject in hand, but commonplace every day materials should always be present in mind as well as in body. It is a good plan to think, but there is a time for deep thinking as well as for eating and sleeping, and the old saying of "A place for everything," etc., might with good results be metamorphosed into "A time for everything and everything in its own good time."

THE CHOP-STICKS WOULD TURN

One of the greatest authorities upon etiquette that ever lived said: "When I see a man absent in mind, I choose to be absent in body." It is most discouraging to attempt to hold a conversation with any one, who, when perforce brought back to a realizing sense that they are being talked to, gaze at their vis-a-vis with a vacant stare and either answer at random or beg pardon for not having understood the remark. It is a blow to one's self-esteem to find that the sweetness of his words has been wasted upon the desert air. It is really as satisfactory to converse with a deaf and dumb person as with an absent minded one. "A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it, and an absent man is for the time, without it." In this world, people must have their wits about them and keep their eyes open, or they will find they are losing their best chances and the wide-awake man is running far ahead. An absent mind is a weakness which may be either cultivated or overcome; but in the end it will be found that the quick wit and ever ready attention meet with the greatest success in life, a result of thorough knowledge and understanding of the world.

MR. Junius Henri Browne lately discussed the question "Are Women Companionable to Men?" and gravely decides the matter in the negative, after giving a variety of reasons, some of which are excellent, others moonshine. The salad-server commends the following from the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph*, as the best illustration of the lack of good comradeship which he endeavors to account for: "Women have an entity of their own involving distinctive ideas, tastes, feelings and even a programme of life; they recognize it among themselves, value it and respect it. Men so little take this into account that even the most chivalrous consciously or unconsciously regard woman as a sort of "annex" to a man, graceful and lovable it may be, but still clearly important and to be filled with man, his comforts, passions, or ambitions. It is a revival of the times when woman was universally considered an inferior being. In certain lands she was even denied the possession of a soul. The modern man has recovered from this idiocy, but he has things yet to learn; and one of them is that the emancipated sex has a mental and moral life of its own, which may and does blend with that of men, but which has its own special "form and pressure," and which woman, both in private communings and in their social relations with their own sex, esteem of so much value as the thoughts and activities of their masculine compeers. When a man gets an insight of this phase of woman's mind and career, and treats it with sense and consideration, he will find woman nearer and dearer to him than ever, and he will greatly improve himself."

—Lost.—"I don't know where, I can't tell when, I don't see how—something of great value to me, and for the return of which I shall be truly thankful, viz: a good appetite."

FOUND.—"Health and strength, pure blood, an appetite like that of a wolf, regular digestion, all by taking that popular and peculiar medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. I want everybody to try it this season." It is sold by all druggists. One hundred doses one dollar.

Put Yourself in His Place.

Envious Young Man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited.

Sharp Young Lady—But, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever, would not you be conceited? (A few moments' reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Way of Children.

When we don't want children they are in the way, and when we do want them it takes a search warrant to find them.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

Good men and women wanted to take orders for ENLARGED PORTRAITS. Write at once for terms. You can make it pay right at home; or send 2 cents in stamps, to pay postage, and we will send you, FREE, for examination, an 8x10 sample of our NONPARIEL PORTRAIT, providing you agree to return it in case you do not take the agency for our work. Address

W. E. McCHRISTIE,
Nonpariel Photo-Copying Co.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"Nasal Voices, Catarrh and False Teeth."

A prominent English woman says the American women all have high, shrill nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by improprieties in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin Couch and Consumption Remedy and Log Cabin Sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world-famed makers of Warner's safe cure. These two remedies plentifully used as the spring and summer seasons advance give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and if neglected inevitable consequences, pneumonia, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption remedy, he says, under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream cured his wife of catarrh and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth owners, but these conditions can be really overcome in the manner indicated.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and to contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE COLORED SERVICE.

The Behavior of the Colored Troops Before Nashville—Under Fire and on the March—Their Characteristics as Soldiers.

II

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The battle of Franklin was fought November 30th, and December 1st the rebel army appeared in front of Nashville. For some days previous to this date union soldiers had been concentrating from various directions at Nashville. Among the colored regiments that I now remember were the 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, and a part of the 44th. The remainder of this regiment had been captured at Dalton, Ga., October 13. Since I joined the 17th they had been in several quite sharp fights and had come themselves credit, especially in the defense of Decatur. At this place, in the face of Hood's whole army, they had made a charge upon a rebel battery and captured it. In the fight over the guns Lieutenant Aptomp fell mortally wounded, and there was a deadly struggle over his body, in which bayonets and clubbed guns were used, until finally a stalwart negro grasped the fallen officer and carried him back to the fort. None of the other regiments above mentioned, I think, had ever been under an enemy's fire. From the 14th of December, our regiment occupied rifle pits upon the right of our line at night but spent the larger part of the day in camp. About the 9th, a cold rain set in followed by sleet and snow. The ground froze hard and the roads were so slippery as to be almost impassible. The soldiers who had lately arrived and had no shelter except log-cabins suffered much from cold. Many beautiful suburban groves were felled for fuel; and some houses suffered the same fate. During the interval between the arrival of Hood's army and the battle of the 15th and 16th, there was almost daily skirmishing and enough heavy cannonading to make things interesting.

Several colored regiments took an active part in these skirmishes. About the 6th or 7th, I visited the 44th N. S. C. T., and called upon an old college classmate, Capt. Penfield. We had a pleasant visit, but he was very despondent and not quite well. His regiment had been very unfortunate, and the officers and men who were left had lost their clothing and other private property. He spoke feelingly of his oldest brother who had fallen in one of the Western battles. He was a pure-hearted, patriotic youth, of fine physique and commanding presence, and worthy of a higher post. We then bade adieu, I hoped we should meet again, but it was not to be. He, with two other officers, were murdered by bushwhackers a few days after the battle of Nashville.

It commenced thawing on the 13th, and on the 14th the weather was favorable for active work. The evening of the 14th we received orders to report at daybreak to Gen. Steedman, who commanded our extreme right. We made what preparations we could for the coming battle. Letters were written to the dear ones at home, and then we lay down for a short rest. About 4 o'clock in the morning, although it was extremely dark, we fell into line, and leaving our camp in the care of a small guard, marched to the place assigned us. Our number was not over 400. That was a busy night in Nashville. The streets echoed all night long, to the tramp of men and horses and the dull rumble of artillery wheels. Wilson's cavalry, leaving Edgefield, were massing on the right of Thomas's line. The infantry, as I think, took their position near them, while the 4th and 23d corps held the center. About daylight we reached the Murfreesboro pike, where we waited a short time. Regiments of infantry black and white, and batteries could be seen taking their positions. We finally moved forward about half a mile when we were saluted by the whiz of rifle balls from the outer line of rebel rifle pits. These rifle pits, however, were soon silenced or captured by the skirmish line of the 14th, colored, which was in front of us. Again we halted near the pike where the ground was enough depressed so that the scattering bullets from our enemies passed harmlessly over our heads. There were also other lines of troops standing near us while a section of a battery a short distance away, on our right, was doing some rapid firing. Orderlies and staff officers were riding hither and thither while the soldiers stood leaning on their guns waiting for the bloody work to begin. After a few minutes waiting, Col. Shafter called his officers together and told us what we were expected to do. A temporary brigade, composed of the 14th, 17th and 44th, had been formed and placed under command of Col. Morgan. The 14th were now on the skirmish line and actively engaged. As soon as it had advanced far enough, the 44th and 17th were to make a charge upon a breastwork somewhat left of our front, which we afterward found was on the opposite side of the railroad from our present position. At the same time a body of white soldiers were to charge an earthwork upon our right front, which was on this side of the railroad, and near a brick house called the Rains house. At length, the order to advance was given. "Attention! Shoulder arms! Trail arms! Forward, double-quick, march!" were the words of command. The line moved forward rapidly 30 or 40 rods when, having reached a slight depression in the ground, it was halted, and the men ordered to lie down. This was to give the men a short rest, and permit the 44th to make a further advance on the skirmish line. Having rested a few minutes, the line rose with a cheer and pressed forward, passed the skirmishers of the 14th, who lay down for us to double-quick over them, and finally reached a palisade fence, where we were delayed a little. The fence was soon broken partially down, and the men passed through. Up to this point the line had been kept well dressed and every man was in his place, but the hot fire from the works on our right flank, for the white soldiers had not yet moved upon them, and the difficulty of tearing down the fence threw the right of our line into some confusion. But on went every man who had not been wounded and some who had; now through a cornfield where the dry, standing stalks clicked sharply to the whizzing minie balls; now through a grove of oak trees where bursting shells began to mix in with the minies and tear things to pieces; now down a little open slope under a perfect storm of missiles which, fortunately for us, went mostly over our heads until the railroad with its impassable cut brought them all to a sudden halt. Here we lay down behind a slight elevation made by grading the railroad. We remained there 20 or 30 minutes in but little danger from the rebel lines across the railroad only a few rods from us, but in the meantime the charge made upon the works near the Rains' house having failed, a fire was opened upon us from the right and rear right. To avoid this fire, we were ordered to fall back. I ordered the color-guard to bear the colors to a position further to the left than the place from which we started, and then after waiting a little to see my men all on the move, I followed after, but was soon prostrated by the explosion of a shell, and before I could get my breath enough to rise, was wounded by another shell. Supposing that I was mortally hurt, I unbuckled my belt, and asked one of my men, who stood behind a tree about ten feet distant, to save my sword and revolver. He started off with them, but soon received a wound himself when he passed them to another party so that they were finally saved. Having recovered somewhat from the shock of the last shell, I concluded that I was not going to die just then and made an effort to get away from the field. I succeeded in going a short distance when a colored soldier came to my aid. A short distance further, I became so sick and faint that I was obliged to sit down. Another effort was made and a few more rods gained when several cavalry videttes took me in hand and carried me to a field hospital in charge of our own surgeon, Dr. Clemmons, formerly of Sandusky City, Ohio. Here I found Lieut. Sumner of our regiment, who had received a severe wound in the shoulder. In less than an hour from that time we were safely in the officers hospital in Nashville. I have always been proud of the record our regiment made that day. Our men obeyed all commands promptly, and showed much steadiness and courage. One man of my company, while we were tearing down the fence, was struck by a ball in the breast and severely wounded, yet he kept his place in the ranks until the regiment fell back from the railroad. These men had never been in battle and some of them acted strangely. One man I noticed

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Inquiries to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

Washington's Vission.

The Cresarion Bureau is indebted to Stella F. Abell, of West Point, N. Y., for the following, requested by a subscriber a few weeks ago:

Washington's Vission—by Wesley Bradshaw. The last time I saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then 91, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eye reckindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he told me, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shake the former with a shaking hand—"what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Then, then," he continued, "let us go into the Ha'l, I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live you will, before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

Reaching the visitor's room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible, in his own words.

"When the bold action of our Congress in asserting the independece of the colonies, became known in the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, peradventure fellows whom British grenadiers would soon tame into submission but undoubtedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result.

It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of '76, but they little know—neither can they imagine the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom.

Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and, unless it is checked, will at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and ill, at one time victorious and at another conquered. The darkest period of the whole, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn face as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray. Well, it is even true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from that God the interposition of whose Divine Providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation. One day I remember it well, the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, tho' the sky was cloudless and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole of the afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing exactly opposite me a singularly beautiful female. So absorbed was I before I had given strict orders not to be disturbed that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence.

"A second, third and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor other than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading over me. I would have risen, but the rivited gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irritable, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly, at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with a soft, couching and pervading mist. Everything about me appeared to rarify, run. Everything about me appeared to rarify, run. the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompanying dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn!' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and pointed her finger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance, rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay stretched out in one vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. Again I heard the voice, saying 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"At this moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel, standing, or rather floating, in mid air between the two continents. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark mist arose from each of the countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For awhile it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view.

"A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was filled with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"At this the dark shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened specter approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town and city of the latter, the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on his head was written the word 'Union,' bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nations, and said:

"'Remember, ye are brethren!'

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their arms, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, the second peril is past—look and learn.'

"And I beheld the villages, towns and cities of America increase in size and numbers, till at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in Heaven, or the sands on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying, 'Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh—look and learn.'

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel, placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts, and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia and Africa. Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose, thick, black clouds, which soon joined into one; and through about this mass gleamed a dark red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with fell purpose, marched by land and sailed by sea to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and burn and pillage all villages, cities and towns that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.'

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long fearful blast. Instantly a light, as from a thousand suns, shown down from above me, and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word *Union*, and who bore our national flag in one hand and a sword in the other, descend from Heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived, were well nigh overcome, but who immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying: 'Son of the Republic look and learn.'

As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel, for the last time, dipped water from the ocean and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld the villages, towns and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants: 'While the stars remain and the heavens send down dews upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!'

"And, taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the Union, he placed it upon the standard, while all the people, kneeling down, said, 'Amen!'

The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, as that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said, "Son of the Republic, what you have seen is this interpreted: Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against it."

Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his Land and Union!"

With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had been shown the birth, progress and destiny of the Republic of the United States. In union she will have strength, in disunion her destruction. Such, my friend, concluded the venerable narrator, were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. Let her remember that in union she has her strength, in disunion her destruction.

Krakatoa.

A. M. B., Iola, Kansas:

Give an account of the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883.

The Island of Krakatoa is in the Sunda Straits, midway between Java and Sumatra, in the heart of the most active volcanic region in the world. The peak of Krakatoa, which formed the northern half of the island, is mentioned as an active volcano by some Dutch travelers who saw it in 1789, but from that time until its great outburst in 1883, there is no record of its action. In the latter part of May, 1883, it began to show signs of activity, which grew more portentous as time went on, and by the middle of August the volcano was in active eruption, throwing out showers of stones and ashes. At 6 o'clock in the afternoon of Aug. 26 loud explosions began at Krakata, which were audible at Batavia, eight miles distant. During the pitch-dark night following, the glare of the burning mountain reflected from the ascending column of smoke and steam was distinctly seen at Batavia, while the falling ashes was noted as far away as Cheribon, 500 miles to the east. Early on the morning of the 27th there was a gigantic explosion, heard as far away as the Andaman Islands and India, which was followed by a tremendous tidal movement on neighboring coasts, the water first receding and then returning and overwhelming the villages on the shore. Though day had dawned, its light could not penetrate the pall that overhung Java and Sumatra for hundreds of miles. Abnormal atmospheric and magnetic displays were observed, compass needles vibrated violently, and the barometer rose and fell many tenths of an inch in a minute. At about 11:15 there came a tremendous detonation that spread consternation among the dwellers within a circle of 3,000 miles in diameter, but which is described as inaudible, from its very immensity, to human ears in its vicinity. This seemed to be the climax, but it was followed by an appalling darkness, a downpour of mud and sand, and a tidal wave on the coasts over fifty feet high. The remarkable physical changes caused by the eruption were not known till the following year had been acquired thoroughly some months later. It was then found that the volcano had burst, throwing one part eight miles to the north and hurling another part completely over Lang Island, seven miles to the northeast. That it was literally torn up by the roots was shown by the fact that over the spot where the exploded mountain had been soundings found a depth of 164 fathoms. Other soundings showed great changes in the bottom of the sea in the vicinity, and islands were found to have changed their shape. The chief damage to human life by this eruption was done by the great tidal waves, which are said to have washed away several score of villages and towns and taken 75,000 lives. The secondary effects of this eruption are no less amazing. The tidal waves driven out east and west from the narrow straits traveled across the oceans and met on the other side of the globe. Indeed, Mr. Norman Lockyer asserts that these waves associated with the attraction and principles of the earth no less than four times before they ceased to affect the tide gauges. A similar wave was thrown off in the atmosphere and moved in all directions. Barometrical observations made at this time all around the globe showed this movement plainly. Lastly, strange meteorological effects that were perceived for many months afterward, lurid clouds and gorgeous sunsets were accounted for by the presence of thousands of tons of dust in the upper atmosphere, hurled thither by the greatest natural convulsion recorded within the term of human history.

Continental Money.

D. M. Patton, Smithfield, Pa.:

Is Continental money issued by act of Congress September 26, 1778, of any value; give a description of some of the issues?

The issue of bills of credit, usually by the colonies, but by the Continental Congress became a necessity when the war began in 1775. The second Congress met in Philadelphia, May 10, of that year, and on the 29th of the same month resolved upon in secret session, but was not adopted until June 22, the day on which Congress received the news of the battle of Bunker Hill. Then it was resolved that a sum not exceeding $2,000,000 be issued in bills of credit, for whose redemption the twelve Confederate colonies—Georgia not being then represented—were pledged. The bill specified the form of the bills and denomination of all the bills to be issued. The plates of the bills were engraved by Paul Revere, of Boston. The size of the bills averaged 3½ by 2¾ inches, and they were printed on hemp paper. New issues of this currency were made from time to time until the close of 1779, when the aggregate amount was $242,000,000, and the bills had so much depreciated that $100 in specie would purchase $2,000 in paper money in 1781, the same amount in specie would buy $7,500 in paper. Strenuous efforts were made by Congress to keep up the credit of this currency, but as the one object to be attained by issuing food the states to redeem it in specie, could not be secured, the money was bound to go down. Early in 1777 a convention of representatives of the New England states agreed upon a scale of prices for labor and goods. This was strongly opposed by merchants, but the New England states soon after enacted it into a law, and a similar law was adopted soon after by the middle states, including Maryland and Virginia. Congress approved of the scheme, and further passed a resolution declaring that the bills of credit ought to pass current in all payments, trade, and dealings, and denounced all who refused it were to forfeit real sum in Spanish dollars. It further resolved that all persons refusing to take them "should be considered enemies of the United States, and whose forfeitures, and other penalties," ought to be inflicted by the local authorities. These resolutions, however, could not check the inevitable, but as the depreciation of the money was gradual, it operated as a tax, and thus prevented immediate suffering. Moreover the money had served a good purpose, for it had enabled the colonies to carry on three years of war with a powerful foe almost without taxation. This currency has no value now except to the collectors of curious coins and relics.

Alien Land Holdings.

Ebenezer ——, Wichita, Kas.:

What is the restriction placed on aliens buying land in this country?

There was no restriction on the purchase or ownership of land in this country by citizens of foreign countries, until the passage of a law on the subject by the last Congress. This bill originated in the House, was amended in the Senate, and approved by the President March 3, going into effect immediately upon its passage, it declared: "That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons not citizens of the United States, or who have not lawfully declared their intention to become such citizens, or for any corporation not created by or under the laws of the United States or of some state or territory of the United States, to hereafter acquire, hold, or own real estate or any interest therein, in any of the territories of the United States or in the District of Columbia, except such as may be acquired by inheritance or in good faith in the ordinary cause of justice in the collection of debts heretofore created: *Provided*, That the prohibition of this section shall not apply to cases in which the right to hold or dispose of lands in the United States is secured by existing treaties to the citizens or subjects of foreign countries, which rights, so far as they may exist by force of any such treaty, shall continue to exist so long as such treaties are in force, and no longer." Also, "That no corporation or association, more than 20 per cent. of the stock of which is or may be owned by any person or persons, corporation or corporations, association or associations, not citizens of the United States, shall hereafter acquire or hold or own any real estate hereafter acquired in any of the territories of the United States or of the District of Columbia." And it further provided that all property acquired or held in violation of the above provisions shall be forfeited to the United States, and that it shall be the duty of the Attorney General to enforce such forfeiture by legal process. It may be noted that the bill forbids not simply large holdings, such as have been purchased by wealthy foreign citizens in Montana and other territories, but prevents a purchase of so much as an acre of land by an alien. The only other instance of the adoption of so extreme a law has been in the negro republic of Hayti.

Miscellaneous.

J. H. B, Era, Idaho: See answer in BLADE of March 31, 1887.

G. B. Clark: See answer to J. D. L. in BLADE of July 28, 1887.

W. D. M., Eulia, Tenn.: Addresses are not given by the Bureau.

E. Hupp, Big Tree, Pa.:

If a man whose ancestors came from England hears that an unclaimed estate, left by one of his name, is in that country awaiting claimants, he would have to go there in order to obtain information about it—to whom will he apply?

You would have to consult some lawyer in the town where the property is located. Addresses can not be given in the Bureau.

A. R. B., Grayling, Mich.: See answer in BLADE of February 9, 1888.

Fred Bierce, Homer, N. Y.: See answer in BLADE of June 16, 1887.

T. D., Mason City, Iowa: See answer in BLADE of May 19, 1887.

S. W., Spring Aclor, Mich.: See answer to M. L. P., in BLADE of June 23.

R. M. F., Northville, Dak.: See answer in BLADE of December 29, 1887.

C. P. J., New Waverly, Ind.: See answer to E. M. in BLADE of August 4, 1887.

Frank E. D., Cherryvale, Kan.; See answer in Weekly BLADE of November 10, 1887.

C. T. Brockway, Bronson, Kansas: The Bureau does not want mathematical problems.

D. G. Sponell, Marble Rock, Iowa: Addresses of firms selling goods are not given in this column.

Carrie M. Graves, Scottville, Ill.: You have not complied with the rules at the head of this column.

W. M., Colekan, Kan.: See answer in Weekly BLADE of December 29, 1887; also BLADE of October 27, 1887.

George Downes, Shelburn, Ind.: Your question cannot be answered because you write on both sides of the paper.

J. N. W., Greensborough, N. C.: 1. See answer in BLADE of February 2, 1888. 2. See answer in BLADE of April 21, 1887.

W. Mortan, Varna, F. Y.:

Please give a receipt for making grafting wax.

A composition of 28 parts of black pitch, 28 parts Burgundy pitch, 16 yarts yellow wax, 14 tallow, and 14 sifted ashes.

W. W. D., Ottawa, Kas.:

Did the emancipation proclamation affect, or in other words, free the slaves in the states in rebellion only, or did it free all slaves in the United States?

There were no legal slaves in the free states to free; the proclamation freed all who were in bondage.

Vera:

Will you please inform me through the columns of the Weekly BLADE, if there is a school, or institution, in Illinois, or any other state, where anyone could learn the rules of thorough housekeeping?

We know of none; there is a school in Toledo where the art of cooking is taught.

E. McCandless, Prospect, Pa.:

1. Does the United States army receive enlistments now? 2. What are the qualifications, duties and pay? 3. Where is the proper place to apply for admission?

1. The pay is $12 per month; you must be physically sound and over five feet high. 3. Apply to some recruiting station or barracks in your state.

Maggie, Boscobel, Wis.:

Please tell me if P. H. Sheridan has only assumed command as general of the U. S. Army, or if he was given the rank by act of Congress, and if so, please tell me when such act was passed.

He is not general of the army, there being no such office; he is Lieutenant-General, made so by promotion by the president.

T. H., Brighton, Ind.:

Being an old subscriber to the BLADE I would like to ask just one question. I came from England to the United States of America in 1866, having a boy 2 years old, and got my naturalization papers in 1872. The boy now is old enough to vote. Is he a citizen by my papers or will he have to take out papers for himself?

He will have to take out papers.

F. F. W., Iowa City, Iowa:

In case of a tie in the Electoral college for President, it goes to the House for decision. Why was not the Hayes-Tilden controversy decided in the same way?

There was a tie in the Electoral college in the Hayes-Tilden contest. The matter hinged on the counting of the vote of several Southern states, and a Democratic House passed the law creating the "Hayes-Tilden Tribunal" which declared Mr. Hayes elected.

Subscriber, Mapleton, O., and D. G. Morrow, Scottsdale, Pa.:

Why are all male residents of the Distrfet of Columbia deprived of the right of suffrage?

The District of Columbia and the territories are under the direct control of Congress. Only states can vote for Presidential electors, as the constitution says that "each state shall, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress." This bars out the territories and the District of Columbia from participating in Presidential elections. The citizens of the District vote for municipal officers, except such as are by law appointed by the president. Your other question is of a religious controversial nature, all of which queries we must decline to answer.

Alex. :

How can I make artificial ivory?

There are several recipes for making artificial ivory. One kind, much manufactured in France, is a compound of gelatine and alumnia. Tablets of gelatine or glue are immersed for some time in a solution of alumina in acetic or sulphuric acid. The alumina is absorbed from the acid into the gelatine, which is then removed and dried. It becomes very hard, so that it can take on a very high polish. Another preparation called Parian ivory is made by working together bone or ivory dust with an equal portion of albumen or gelatine to form a paste, which is rolled into sheets and dried. Another method, like the first mentioned, is a French invention, is to take two parts of caoutchoue and dissolve in 36 parts of chloroform, and saturate the solution with pure gaseous ammonia. The chloroform is then distilled off in a high temperature. The gum is then mixed with phosphate of lime, pressed into molds and dried. This is one of the best imitations known, possessing largely the nature and composition of true ivory.

G. M., Ebienme, Tex.:

Will Please tell the different kind of steam engines?

All steam engines are divided into two great classes—condensing engines and non-condensing engines. The former are supplied with apparatus for condensing the steam that escapes, by contact with cold water pipes and transforming it into water again. The latter are not furnished with the condenser. They are also distinguished as high pressure and low pressure engines, the former term being applied to engines supplied with steam of 30 pounds pressure to the square inch and upward, and the latter to engines working under 40 pounds pressure. The low-pressure engines are almost invariably condensing, and the high-pressure engines very generally non-condensing, and the terms high pressure and low pressure have come to imply the presence or absence of the condensing machinery, though in some instances this understood implication is incorrect. There are many varieties of both classes of engines. All locomotives and most of the engines on dry land are non-condensing engines. All marine engines, with the exception of those of the smaller class of tug boats and Western river steamers, are condensing engines.

The Favorite

Medicine for Throat and Lung Difficulties has long been, and still is, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It cures **Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis,** and **Asthma**; soothes irritation of the **Larynx** and **Fauces**; strengthens the **Vocal Organs**; allays soreness of the **Lungs**; prevents **Consumption**, and, even in advanced stages of that disease, relieves Coughing and induces Sleep. There is no other preparation for diseases of the throat and lungs to be compared with this remedy.

"My wife had a distressing cough, with pains in the side and breast. We tried various medicines, but none did her any good until I got a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has cured her. A neighbor, Mrs. Glenn, had the measles, and the cough was relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have no hesitation in recommending this

Cough Medicine

to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman *Recollight*, Morrillton, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

"Six months ago I had a severe hemorrhage of the lungs, brought on by an incessant cough which deprived me of sleep and rest. I tried various remedies, but obtained no relief until I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A few bottles of this medicine cured me." Mrs. E. Coburn, 19 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

"For children afflicted with colds, coughs, sore throat, or croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1257 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the Cuticura Remedies.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price; CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, $1; SOAP, 35c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A DAY IN HER CONCORD HOME.

Her Kind Reception of a Young Stranger —Taking Him to the Couch of Her Father and to the Home of Emerson—Recollections of the Author of "Little Women"—Her Last Letter Speaks of Her Father—A Young Man's Graceful Tribute.

For the Blade. Copyrighted, 1888.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

THE death of Louisa May Alcott recalls a pleasant meeting with the famous author a few years ago at her Concord home. I was visiting Boston, when the desire to meet Mr. Emerson took possession of me, and I started for Concord. Arriving at the quaint historic town, I learned that Emerson's health was such that his family prohibited any strangers from seeing him. I naturally gave up the idea, but recalling that Mis Alcott's residence was in the town, I repaired to the old Alcott mansion. I was an entire stranger to her, but had a friendship of ten-years' standing existed between us, the reception she accorded me could not have been more warm and cordial. For more than an hour we chatted about literary matters, when I casually inquired concerning her father. "He is in his room dozing," she explained; "it is no longer the same pleasure for strangers to meet him, but come and see him for yourself," and she led the way into a room on the opposite side of the hall.

There, on a sofa, comfortably reclining on a pillow of snowy white, lay the old philosopher. Stooping down, the devoted daughter tenderly kissed the brow of her distinguished father. He opened his eyes slowly, a smile crept over the somewhat tired features, as he saw who had roused him, and then seeing me stand at the foot of the lounge, he nodded and extended his hand. Miss Alcott pronounced my name, and, like a schoolboy after his teacher, he repeated it. "How pleasant it is to look upon youth in the full blush of health," he said, and he gazed at me thoughtfully a moment. "Will you not sit down here a moment and talk with me?" he asked, and seating myself on a low stool at the side of his couch, the old philosopher and essayist took my hand in his, and for a brief five minutes he convinced me how pleasant must his off-hand public "talks" have fallen upon the ears of those who listened to him in his years of strength and health.

Repairing again to the parlor, I told Miss Alcott that I regretted my inability to meet Mr. Emerson. "He sees scarcely any one now," she replied; "but let us walk to the house, and perhaps you can catch a glimpse of him, even if you cannot speak to him."

It was a crisp day in November, and in the clear, wintry air I had an enviable opportunity of studying the features of the woman whose written words had delighted so many thousands of children. It was a strong, intellectual face; the eye was kindly, and from it beamed a look of contentment and happiness. And yet I thought a look of care and sadness was on the face. She realized only too well, even at that time, that the strong mind of her father was slowly losing its activity, and it clouded her otherwise happy life.

During that short walk to the Emerson home the conversation dealt only with him whose love she deemed more precious than all the laurels of her literary success. Tenderly she spoke of him, and when she expressed the hope to me that her father's former good health might again return to him, a new light seemed to come into her eyes, and her step quickened. A daughter's love, beautiful and almost heavenly, filled her bosom, and in all the words of her conversation none was spoken with such feeling as when she recurred to "Father."

We shortly reached Mr. Emerson's house. Miss Emerson greeted us at the door, and welcomed me with true New England hospitality as I was introduced to her by Miss Alcott as her "young friend." I had been placed in the author's category of friends, and as an ardent reader and admirer of her books, is it not pardonable that a feeling of pride took possession of me?

Miss Emerson took us into the comfortable little parlor, and I felt as if I had been conducted into a shrine filled with the associations of the Weekly BLADE, if there is a school, or institution, in Illinois, or any other letters. After a brief conversation Miss Alcott told Miss Emerson of my desire to meet her father. "He meets no one," she said, turning on me, "but I will go and see him." She had gone but a moment when Miss Alcott also excused herself, saying "You shall see Mr. Emerson if it is at all possible." A few minutes passed, and the ladies returned. Miss Alcott had a smile upon her face, and I knew she had succeeded for an audience. "Your wish is to be realized," she said simply, and beckoning me, I followed my interesting guide.

Through the hall we went, and I was about to cross through the first door when I found myself in Emerson's library. There, at his desk, his face turned towards the fire as in deep meditation, sat the man whom I had so many times fondly hoped to meet. I was again introduced by Miss Alcott. Emerson took a quiet dignity in his manner, extended his hand, which I took in a hearty way. Motioning me to a chair, I sat down, and was about to begin a conversation, when he rose, walked to the window, and stood silently looking out as if no one was in the room. I looked at Miss Alcott, who put her finger to her mouth, indicating that I was to be silent. Not a word was spoken for an uncomfortably long time. I turned in my seat, being determined that I should at least see Emerson's back if I was not to see his face again. Presently he left the window, resumed his chair, looking intently at the fire, still ignoring the presence of either of us.

Then the new "case of Russkin's yet?" broke upon the stillness as Miss Alcott asked the question of Emerson. Slowly the great master of English turned in his chair, and asked with great deliberation, "Did you speak to me, madam?" I was dumbfounded, and in an instant I realized the reason of his seclusion from the world. He did not know his friends, not even Louisa Alcott! The sense of recognition had left him.

After a moment I casually inquired of Emerson if he would not write his name in my autograph album, which I had carried with me from New York.

"My name?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "I should esteem it highly."

"Write it on that piece of paper, and I will copy it," he said.

Taking the paper, I wrote on it "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, November 22, 1887." Emerson, the philosopher, the woman whose written words had delighted so many thousands of children. It was a strong, intellectual face; the eye was kindly, and from it beamed a look of contentment and happiness. And yet I thought a look of care and sadness was on the face. She realized only too well, even at that time, that the strong mind of her father was slowly losing its activity, and it clouded her otherwise happy life.

During that short walk to the Emerson home the conversation dealt only with him whose love she deemed more precious than all the laurels of her literary success. Tenderly she spoke of him, and when she expressed the hope to me that her father's former good health might again return to him, a new light seemed to come into her eyes, and her step quickened. A daughter's love, beautiful and almost heavenly, filled her bosom, and in all the words of her conversation none was spoken with such feeling as when she recurred to "Father."

We shortly reached Mr. Emerson's house. Miss Emerson greeted us at the door, and welcomed me with true New England hospitality as I was introduced to her by Miss Alcott as her "young friend." I had been placed in the author's category of friends, and as an ardent reader and admirer of her books, is it not pardonable that a feeling of pride took possession of me?

Miss Emerson took us into the comfortable little parlor, and I felt as if I had been conducted into a shrine filled with the associations of the choicest spirits of American

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1888.

Cheapest Paper in the World! Largest and Best Weekly Published!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The political battle of this year will be the most important that has been fought in the United States for years. The struggle will not only be for supremacy in the White House and in Congress, but it will also decide our future economic system—whether the Republican principle of protection, which has caused such an unparalleled development of our country in every possible line since its adoption, shall be continued, or whether we shall plunge the nation into financial depression, great labor troubles, bankruptcy and poverty, to carry out the theories of a stubborn and unstatesmanlike President.

The BLADE will be found where it has ever stood—on the side of the best interests of the whole people; on the side of American workingmen as against those of Europe; for the prosperity of American manufactures instead of those of foreign lands; in favor of American goods, made by American workmen, as against the conspiracy of the free trade theorists and the selfish ring of importers in the Atlantic cities, who see enormous fortunes in prospect as the result of the adoption of the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND; on the side of the American farmer, whose prosperity depends far more on a home market than on a foreign one; on the side of prosperity for all, rather than poverty to the many and prosperity to the merchant princes of New York.

The BLADE will be made brighter and better than ever the coming year. Mr. LOCKE had elaborated certain plans for its improvement during 1888, which will be fully and faithfully carried out. All the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE COST OF RUM TO THE DRINKING MAN.

Rum costs. The man who pays a dime for a drink thinks lightly of it, but when he takes twenty drinks a day he has paid $2 for Rum alone—which, multiplied by 365, gives the neat sum of $730 per year. Now, while there are many drinkers who as yet do not indulge to the extent of a score of "nips" a day, there are also a large number who exceed that—who go as high as thirty or forty daily. Then, too, it is not necessary that a man shall himself drink the entire twenty, or the whole forty, as the case may be. Your drinking man is generally a "jolly fellow," at least while the fumes of Rum are in his brain; and he is constantly "treating" as well as being "treated." He drops into a saloon to get a "sustainer," and finds a half-dozen men with whom he has a drinking acquaintance. "What will you take?" springs to his lips instinctively, and he pays for seven drinks. And this experience may be repeated a half-dozen times each day. The drinking man of convivial habits always pays for more Rum than he drinks himself, because there are always a lot of hangers-on about saloons, who are generally out of money, but who will drink with anybody who will stand the expense, and never return the compliment.

The actual cash outaly of the Rum habit is so great that only a millionaire can stand the financial strain for any length of time. The man of moderate means ruins himself, in a money sense, in the indulgence of the appetite for that which also destroys him physically and mentally. But what is actually expended by him for his own drink is by no means all. The man full of Rum is careless with his cash, reckless of his expenditures, and totally unfit to transact business of any kind which requires a clear head and a cool brain. The exhilaration consequent upon his potations makes him feel as though he is made of money, and he pays it out with a recklessness that certainly must bring regret to his sober moments. He does with it the most extravagant things, and it goes, he knows not where. Under the reckless promptings of the Rum Devil, the man flush of money is pretty sure to do one of two things—either visit a gambling-room and waste his money, or seek the gilded haunts of vice and pour it out in the lap of her whose footsteps, according to SOLOMON, "take hold on hell."

It may be set down as a fact that the drinking man can never accumulate money, unless he is the fortunate possessor of a bonanza—a business that is, as to its profits, beyond any consideration of expenditure, no matter how reckless. Rum has burned a hole in his pocket which leaks faster than any ordinary business or money-making avocation will replenish it. Bankruptcy and financial ruin are inevitable. The drinking man is at a disadvantage in his business, because the money which should be used to push trade, or tide over dull times, or extend his operations into new lines or new territory, is spent for Rum, and in the excesses which follow in the trail of that demon. He becomes more and more involved, and tries retrenchment in all ways but the one which is his ruin. He will lop off all needless expenditure save that for Rum and its attendant vices. But they are like the horse-leech's daughters; they cry "Give, give," until the man becomes desperate; he who was reckless incidentally now becomes reckless habitually. The crash of financial ruin comes, and his course from that time is a direct plunge into habitual drunkenness, poverty, and finally death.

Reader, did you ever consider the grim fact—for fact it is—that *ninety* per cent of the men engaged in legitimate lines of trade in this country fail sooner or later? And did you ever trace this back to its cause? The pathway of trade is strewn with wrecks, and nine out of ten of them was caused by Rum. It should be plain to all that, in these days of fierce competition in trade, the legitimate profits in any line of business are too small to stand the drain on the pocket imposed by the Rum habit. Apparently the cheapest of all dissipations, drinking is the most costly. All other extravagances have a limit; but the thirst for Rum is limitless. It is like the ocean, which receives all the rivers of the world, yet is never any fuller. The more you drink the more you must, and there can be but one end to both the drinker's money and his physical endurance. Rum not only costs frightfully in money, but it takes away the power to make money. It is as dangerous to a man's finances as it is to his body, his mind, and his soul.

But though it is a fact that ninety per cent. of our business men fail, sooner or later, the influence of Rum is causing the failure of at least nine out of every ten is not so clearly seen. We do not mean to say that these all fail because they drink up the money that should be used in business. While many do this, there are many others who do not, and yet whose downfall is just as surely the result of Rum as if they had done so. To do a successful business in these rushing days, when every avenue of trade is the arena of keen competition, requires brains. It will not do that a man shall have business sagacity, that he shall be sharp in bargaining and quick-witted to avail himself of every opening for profit. He must not only be all these, but he must remain so; and he must give all his attention to his business. Now, he cannot do these things and daily with Rum. With many men, a single glass of the infernal stuff benumbs the brain; and the man in this condition, with his mental faculties clouded with the fumes of Rum, can never hope to succeed in the struggle with a competitor of equal natural ability who never touches Rum, and so keeps his head clear, his wits keen, and has all his faculties on the alert. He who drinks will surely fall behind, through his dulled wits. His trade deserts him, he has lost the ability he once possessed through soaking his brain in Rum, and he goes to the wall. The cause is stated as "bad investments," "too great competition," "bad debts," or something similar. But these are the result of drink, and Rum is really the cause of his failure.

The business man who begins to drink might just as well close up his establishment at once, if he intends to continue the unequal effort to cope with Rum and with his business rivals at the same time. There is no line of safety but in the entire abandonment of Rum. He may keep his head above water for a few years, but the inevitable end will as surely come. Viewing these facts, is there not pertinency in the claim that it is the highest duty of man to save his brother man from himself? This insidious devil of Rum, when he once gets his claws fastened upon a victim, never loosens his hold till he has him at the mouth of the pit of hell. So long as Rum can be had, men will be weak enough and foolish enough to drink it. There is but one way to save humanity, and that is by rendering it impossible to obtain it. And there is but one way to accomplish this most desirable result—by Prohibition. Thus only can we save our fellow-men from Rum, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

"NASBY'S" WORKS.

We have been literally deluged with letters asking where the published works of the late D. R. LOCKE may be obtained, and have been compelled to make arrangements to supply them. We are now ready to receive orders for any work of Mr. LOCKE'S that has been published in book form. On the fifth page the reader will find a full announcement, with titles and prices of all these works. We will receive orders at once, file them, and fill them in rotation as soon as the books are ready. Some of them, however, we are prepared to fill at once. Send in your orders! Read the announcement carefully, and see the splendid clubbing terms we offer for these books and the Weekly BLADE.

THERE is a steady decrease in the total of the national bank circulation. The total amount outstanding on February 29, according to the monthly statement of the comptroller of the Currency, was $262,507,529. This represents a decrease of $3,125,309 for the month and of $26,261,143 for the twelve months. At the present time there are only $182,161,700 bonds on deposit to secure circulation. The remainder of the circulation is secured by money deposits. The question of the continuance of the national banking system is one that Congress must meet, and that speedily. The country will not permit the perpetuation of the national debt, simply in order to allow the banks to base their circulation on the bonds. Some other basis must be found, or else some substitute for the national banking system. If the Democrats had any statesmen in Congress—any men capable of taking up a business problem and dealing with it in a business-like way—the matter would be taken up. But they have not. The Democrats in Congress are wasting time and breath in gabbling moonshine theories of free trade, and letting the country drift to the "demnition bowwows."

BOULANGER has been removed from the command of the Thirteenth army corps and placed on the retired list of the French army. The assigned reason is that he left his command and returned to Paris without authority. While this is probably excuse enough from a military point of view, the real reason is to be found in French politics. BOULANGER is a dangerous man, if the government of France desires to preserve peace. He possesses qualities which endear him to the people, and he is enough of a demagogue to use the hatred of the French masses toward Germany to advance his own fortunes. While President CARNOT certainly did a wise thing, so far as France's foreign relations are concerned, there is danger at home in thus enabling BOULANGER to pose as a martyr because of his adhesion to the policy of revenge.

THE Presbyterians of both North and South will celebrate the centennial of the introduction of Presbyterianism into the United States at Philadelphia in May, and will endeavor, it is said, to agree upon a basis for an organic reunion between the Northern and the Southern divisions of that denomination. That is a result devoutly to be wished for. To perpetuate a division after its cause has been abolished is not Christian-like.

PROFESSOR SWING, of Chicago, has this to say of ROBERT T. LINCOLN as a Presidential quantity:

Robert Lincoln is visible as a notoriously good man for the June and November drama. His religious temperature seems about right. His average piety is not as noisy as that of a Florida negro, but it is more useful about the home and the streets and will keep longer in times of temptation. The only lamentable defect is his having built a home on the lake shore and in his wishing to remain there until death. He has lived in Washington and now prefers Lake Michigan to the Potomac.

REPRESENTATIVE TILLMAN, Democrat, of South Carolina, **refuses to support the Mills cowboy tariff bill, and gives his adhesion to the RANDALL forces.**

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We are gratified to be able to announce that at the conclusion of the fascinating story

ELSEY FARM,

Now delighting the great BLADE family, we shall begin the publication of

A New Story

Of intense interest, from the pen of the popular English Novelist,

MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Some of whose shorter stories have previously appeared in these columns. Mrs. Davy enjoys a high rank among the great living novelists of England, and the BLADE has secured the exclusive rights for this country of her latest and best story, entitled

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

This work is entirely out of the ordinary run of stories, and we are sure will be found to be an exceedingly strong feature.

This is but one of the many new specialties for BLADE readers during the coming year.

WAVING A BLOODY SHIRT.

Occasionally the BLADE receives queer letters. The latest sample is the following screed, which we publish as received except the writer's name. It is interesting as affording an example of that unreasoning prejudice, that blind sectional hatred, which we are glad to say is every day becoming more rare, either North or South. We presume there are many foolish people in the South who feel exactly like this writer. Fortunately they will not live forever, and it is impossible that the next generation can contain many such narrow-minded bigots. The letter is an extreme case of bloody-shirtism on the Southern side:

——, TENNESSEE, March 5, 1888.

For one time the BLADE appears to me to be shamefully inconsistent in denouncing "trusts" for oppressing the poor, and praising the accursed radical tariff which does the same thing, and, too, in a more "wholesale" style. Both raise the price of manufactures, ousts "little" men from business, and give "big" men fat chances. It seems that a one-eyed ground-hog could see that.

I am a rebel, or Democrat (which, I am glad to know, mean the same), and, of course, I hate the Radical tax robbery, the bribing, nigger equality Blair bill, and the Republican centralization; and, if I could have my way, I would sweep away the tyrannies which were forced upon the people by old Lincoln and his Yankee hirelings, and would raise Jefferson Davis, the greatest American patriot, to the Presidency. The BLADE has been consistent in its support of all the enemies of free government. Why not support the "trusts," and still be consistent?

Our Bourbon friend is utterly and entirely wrong in his ideas. Trusts prevent competition, and hence are inimical to the interests of consumers. The tariff builds up home competition, and hence reduces prices to the lowest figure compatible with the maintenance of American industries. The trusts drive out small producers, or rather crush them out. The tariff gives every man a chance. The tendency to large establishments depends upon the fact that the majority of articles can be made cheaper in great quantities; and this is due to the introduction of machinery, not to the tariff nor to trusts. We fancy the antagonism of this ex-rebel bowler to the tariff is simply because it was a Republican measure, and his bigoted understanding is too diminutive to see any good in any measure that does not originate in the Bourbon ranks.

His pompous annunciation of his political prejudices is amusing. Verily, here is a mossback who has been hidden away in the Tennessee mountains so long that he don't know that the war is over, the Union restored, and that there are no rebels! Then his howl at the other matters shows wonderful vacuity of reasoning power. He fears the Blair bill because he fears the negro may be his equal. He cannot understand that the negro is his equal before the law, and that social equality does not follow in Tennessee any more than it has followed education in Ohio and New York. Republican "centralization" is a scarecrow wherewith to frighten fools, prepared by the infernal gang of demagogues who plunged the South into the war and the unnumbered woes that accompanied it. No enlightened Democrat believes any such thing of Republican doctrine now, nor are the Republicans any stronger advocates of centralization than their political enemies—as witness the Reagan bill for railway control, which was the foundation of the present inter-state commerce law, as centralizing a statute as Congress ever enacted.

But why answer a fool according to his folly? He is the representative of a past era, and his ideas dominate the South no longer. Let him drop into the oblivion which covers the era of attempted secession and unsuccessful rebellion. The men of affairs of this generation have no use for such as he, save to laugh at them.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

THE Louisville *Courier-Journal's* Washington correspondent puts down eighteen Democrats as certain to vote against the Mills tariff bill, their names and reasons being as follows:

Randall, Snowden, Ermentrout, of Pennsylvania, (iron and steel rails); Foran, Seney, Wilkins and Campbell, Ohio, (wool); the six Louisiana members, (sugar); Thompson and Biggs, California, (wool); Bliss and Stallcop, New York, (Randall); McAdoo, New Jersey, (Randall).

This leaves 150 Democrats to vote for the bill, which is thirteen less than a majority. Hence it seems clear that the cowboy tariff scheme is doomed.

A KANSAS man with phenomenally long ears sent a newspaper to Senator INGALLS in which the latter was nominated for the Presidency, and the sender asked the views of the Senator on the subject. The following is his characteristic reply:

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., March 3.—Dear Mr. ——: The special referred to has been noted. I am very much impressed by the low prices of hosiery that prevail in your town as indicated by ——'s advertisement. Thirty-four cents a pair for extra length ladies' black ingrain brilliant lisle hose is certainly very cheap. There is no occasion for the women of Kansas to go barefooted when they can buy stockings at these figures. Your friend,

JOHN J. INGALLS.

SPEAKING of FRANK HURD's reiterated bosh that "the farmer has to sell his wheat in a free trade market," the Chicago *Journal* truthfully and energetically remarks:

The protection for the farmer's wheat under the tariff is 20 cents a bushel. But for the tariff Manitoba would swamp the Western wheat market, and Ontario and Quebec the Eastern market, with the product of cheap farm lands and cheap farm labor.

CONGRESSMAN SCOTT, the great free trader, says the tariff stimulates trusts. Will Mr. SCOTT kindly rise and explain how the tariff stimulate the anthracite coal trust of which he is a leading member, when anthracite is on the free list?

IOWA is preparing to give strong support in the Chicago convention to Senator W. B. ALLISON. It is to be remembered in this connection that Mr. ALLISON is an Ohio man.

BADEAU AND U. S. GRANT.

ADAM BADEAU is a man evidently possessing and amount of cheek that would prove superabundant for a commercial traveler, and an excellent opinion of his personal merits that cannot possibly be shared by anybody else. Col. FRED. GRANT has published some correspondence with BADEAU concerning the claim made by the latter upon the estate of the dead General U. S. GRANT for alleged services rendered in connection with the publication of the General's "Memoirs." From these letters it appears that General GRANT agreed to pay BADEAU $10,000 out of the first $30,000 received for the book. The reason for this payment was stated to be that the new book would compete with BADEAU'S authorized military history of General GRANT and that in it some of BADEU'S maps and plans were to be used; and "in further consideration of the assistance" which BADEAU was to render in the preparation of the book. The contract was properly delivered, and $250 was paid to BADEAU out of the first receipts of the book.

The instantaneous and unprecedented success of GRANT'S book seems that have strongly excited BADEAU'S cupidity, and in May, 1885, he wrote General GRANT, then with his fatal illness fastened upon him, a letter making the extraordinary demand that he should be paid $1,000 a month until the work was completed, and 10 per cent. of the profits from the sale. In making this demand he insinuated that General GRANT was a bluff old soldier who couldn't hold a candle to the polished BADEAU in the literary graces. In fact, BADEAU said he was the only man who could do the work for General GRANT in proper shape. Here is the passage:

And this nobody but me can do. No literary man has the military knowledge; no military man has the literary experience; no literary or military man living, not one of your old staff even, has one tithe of my knowledge and experience on this subject, the result of 20 years' study and devotion and labor. Besides which no man alive but your own sons loves you so well. No one but myself can destroy my own book. If I don't help you it will retain its place, for you have neither the physical strength nor the habits of mind yourself to make the researches to verify or correct your own memory. If you cannot yourself finish the work, nobody can do it fitly but me.

This paragraph alone, in faulty grammar and construction, is enough to damn BADEAU'S claims to the slightest literary ability. It is amazing that he can have the self-conceit to imagine himself as being a litterateur, not to speak of a demand to be paid $12,000 a year salary and a heavy royalty. This also shows the rank ingratitude of BADEAU to his benefactor—for had it not been for U. S. GRANT, ADAM BADEAU would never have been heard of save by the few people who may have accidentally jostled against his obscurity. It is to be noted that GRANT'S reply is in good, honest English, far superior in literary style to BADEAU'S arrogant letter. The old hero said:

You say that "I am a man of affairs, etc., and can tell a simple story," etc. You imply that a literary man must supply some deficiencies, and this supposes of all the enemies of free government. Why not support the "trusts," and still be consistent?

Call the attention of the men in whose hands the choice between the parties shall lie next November to the record of Republicanism. Point out to them the long array of glorious deeds, the enlightened statesmanship, the capacity and intelligence in the conduct of the nation's affairs, which is the heritage and pride of the Republican party. Let us counsel among ourselves as to the extension of Republican policy, to meet the new conditions that are continually arising, and determine what measures we shall embody in the party's declaration of its principles and intentions. Let us discuss measures, not men. Let us follow the line that Mr. BLAINE, splendid statesman and sagacious leader that he is, laid down in his letter of declination, when he showed the gains the party of progress has been making in state contests all along the line since 1884, and called our attention to the certainty of victory next November through united and harmonious action.

Drop the booms! Let us discuss measures, not men.

But Mr. BLAINE withdrew his name, and that in such decided fashion that his friends must respect his wishes, and, sorely against their inclination, admit that some other must lead the party hosts against the ancient foe of Republicanism. Mr. BLAINE'S action was followed by tremendous activity on the part of the friends of other aspirants for the nomination. It was assumed that BLAINE'S supporters would enroll themselves under the banner of some one of the other possible candidates, and boom after boom has been started, only to fail in arousing their enthusiasm and enlisting their support.

It is a remarkable phenomenon in our politics. Loyal to Mr. BLAINE, his friends will not accept as a leader any one of the men who have in the past entered the lists against him in competition for the party nomination. Loyal Republicans to the heart's core, they will not desert the party standard, but they will compel the Chicago convention to assume the nature of a deliberative body, and make its June meeting a council of representative Republicans, charged with the duty of discussing the situation and naming the standard-bearer in accordance with the result of their deliberations.

The boom plan has now been tried on all the prominent candidates. It has failed. No one of the wheel-horses eutheuses the Blaine men. The thing to do now is, to turn the energy that is being thus wasted into a profitable channel and boom the Republican party. In place of squabbling over the respective merits of this or that candidate, let us call on the people to take reckoning with the Democratic party, after three years of executive and legislative power in the nation, and note the wide gap between promise and performance. Turn the fierce light of public attention on the dire lack of statesmanship, lack of even mediocre executive ability, which has been shown by Democratic officials, from the ponderous nonentity under whose plethoric proportions the Chief Magistrate's chair groans, through Congressional halls filled with Bourbon incapables, down to the army of hungry and thirsty spoilsmen who are bungling the people's business most fearfully.

"MEASURES, NOT MEN."

The above trite political maxim should become the watchword of every Republican in the land. There has been enough attention paid to candidates. The thing that now needs booming is the Republican party. So long as Mr. BLAINE was, even though without his formal consent, in the field, there was but one candidate. The masses of the Republican party stood by the great Maine statesman as they did in 1884, refusing to accept the result of that campaign as the real verdict of the people, but deeming it an accident, due to any one or two of half a dozen assignable causes. No other candidate had any real strength, and his nomination would doubtless have followed at Chicago next June.

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TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

THE COPPER TRUST.

The great copper trust, whose headquarters are in France, controls an annual output of 127,500 tons of copper, of which 78,000 tons come from American mines in the combination. There is talk in France of resorting to the law, which in that country punishes coalitions to control prices by imprisonment and fine. We hope it will be done. Here is a trust located in a foreign country, and one whose history improves the assertion that tariff is responsible for trusts. The ability of the copper ring to fix prices is utterly beyond our reach, and the repeal of the copper duty would do no good. The trust can fix its own price, keep foreign copper from coming to the United States, or American copper from being exported, as suits its own purposes.

The remedy is in the hands of our lawmakers, however. They can punish every one who joins a trust, or puts his products under the control of a trust, by heavy fines and imprisonment; and all corporations joining trusts can be punished by a forfeiture of charter, "for abuse or misuser," which we think can be done under our present laws, at least in many of the states. The thing to do is to make a few striking examples of the law's vengeance as quickly as possible. Such a line of policy will kill trusts as dead as the PHARAOH of the Exodus.

WE are glad to note that the Republicans of the House of Representatives are preparing to elaborate a tariff bill embodying the position of the party—a revision in the interests of American labor and American industries. While the Randall bill is a great improvement on the Mills free trade bill, there is no need that the Republicans should adopt a Democratic measure.

IT is rumored at Washington that Mr. BLAINE is to run for Governor of Maine this summer, and that the Legislature will, after his election, choose him for senator, when Mr. FRYE'S term expires in March, 1889. But rumors are not always to be believed, and this one sounds highly improbable.

IT is possible that the negroes who shed their blood for the life of the government may be remembered. A bill has passed the United States senate appropriating $100,000 for the erection of a monument in Washington commemorating their deeds of valor. The colored troops fought nobly.

A REGULAR bear-garden scene is expected when the Mills tariff bill is under discussion in the House. MILLS himself will lead the free trade forces, and his conspicuous lack of talent is expected to bring on some exciting times.

WE are inclined to agree with the New York *Sun* in its declaration that while Mr. BLAINE will not be the Republican candidate for President, his friends will select the man for that distinction.

THE blizzard which buried New York and Boston crossed the Atlantic and spent its dying energies on the British Isles. It was one of the severest storms of the century, apparently.

"LET ME BUT TOUCH HIS GARMENT."

By D. R. LOCKE.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched His garment; for, she said, 'If I may but touch His clothes, I shall be whole'."—[Mark v, 27-28.

"Let me but touch His garment"---on death's very verge,
All soaked and sodden with impure desires,
With blood thrice heated with hell-lighted fires,
No power less than His the sin stained man can purge.

"Let me but touch His garment;" I came not as came
The Syrian woman, whose despairing wail
Went up to heaven for her frail body's ail---
A bruised and sinking soul hath much the better claim.

"Let me but touch His garment"---in my sorest need
His side I cling to, for I know and feel
The man-enveloped God hath power to heal---
Let me but touch the hem, I shall be well, indeed.

"Let me but touch His garment"---stand ye all aside,
Nor access to my soul's relief deny
A lost soul writhing, shrieks in agony---
Who hath better claim? I will not be denied.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

Some Elementary Information.

One of the BLADE'S subscribers at Algona, Iowa, who has apparently just become interested in the tariff issue, asks us the following elementary questions:

1.—What is protective tariff?

2.—What industry in the United States is directly benefited by it, and in what way?

3.—In what way is the farmer and merchant benefited?

4.—What market controls and fixes the price of the American farmers' produce?

If you will give us farmers, in the West (and of course the whole of the readers of your wide and extensive circulation) your candid and intelligent views on those points, you will confer a very great favor on us, and not only us, but it will open the door to thought and investigation which will lead to conclusions that will benefit all.

Every question asked above has been answered in full in these articles within the past nine months; but for the benefit of our friend, and others who may not have paid attention to the matter previously, we will reply again, as briefly as possible:

1.—A protective tariff is one which imposes a duty on all foreign articles imported into this country, of the same kinds that we can raise or make, sufficiently large to equalize the difference in the cost of production between this country and other lands. Labor is better paid here than anywhere else in the world, and a protective tariff aims to keep up the rate of labor and to encourage manufactures in this country. The protectionist believes that this country should not go abroad to buy anything that our own people can raise or manufacture.

2.—Every industry is benefitted. It would take too long to enumerate them, or even a small portion, and point out the benefit.

3.—The farmer and the merchant are benefited by the increase in this country of the consuming class. Ohio is a case in point. Thirty years ago she was an agricultural state. Aside from some relatively small manufacturing establishments, making agricultural machinery (protected by patents, and hence able to make headway in spite of a low tariff), a few iron furnaces, flouring mills, etc., she had no manufactures. The tariff of 1861 stirred the energies of her people, and now she is one of the great manufacturing states. Her cities have grown enormously, her villages have enlarged into cities. The great coal and iron regions have taken on a tremendous development. Hundreds of miles of railway have been built primarily to transport iron and coal from the mines and furnaces.

Her agricultural population has not increased very much, because the greater portion of her tillable area was under cultivation then; and the enormous increase in her population is directly because of the great expansion of her industries. Now, this portion of the population has to be fed by the farmers, and they increase his market. Around every city and manufacturing town there is a wide belt of country whose farmers make much more money in supplying the local markets with produce than they would if they raised the old agricultural staples—wheat, corn, oats, hay, etc. These men are removed from competition with the farmers elsewhere who devote themselves to these crops.

And what is true of Ohio is true, to a greater or less degree, of all the states which have had the enterprise to diversify their industries and employ their people in all possible ways. Ohio is one of the wealthiest and most flourishing states of the Union, and it is the tariff that has made her so. Farmers often fail to see that the tariff is of benefit to them, because they do not study the topic historically. Any man old enough to remember the condition of the country under low tariff and who will then compare this with its present condition, can not fail to see the great benefit.

4.—No one market controls and fixes the price of the American farmer's produce. There is a great deal of rot talked by free traders about Liverpool making the price of wheat. The price is the resultant of two factors—the needs of the total of the world's consumption for a year, and the total crop of wheat all over the world. If all wheat-producing countries have big crops, the price will go down, for there will be more wheat than the world can eat in one year. This has practically been the case since 1885. The rule, "the buyer makes the price," has never been seriously disputed in its effect upon the large operations of trade. Wheat is high or low in Liverpool according as the supplies for England, the great consumer of wheat, are large or small. But every new factory that comes into existence in the United States threatens the supremacy of Liverpool as the arbiter of price. When the proportion of our population that buys wheat is so adjusted to the proportion that sells it as to leave little or no surplus for export, then Liverpool will not fix the price of American wheat.

Liverpool no longer fixes the price of wheat for Germany; and why? These figures give the answer. The exports of corn, wheat, and barley from Germany to England were:

In 1883	£4,190,716
" 1884	2,156,427
" 1885	2,051,370
" 1886	1,652,176

And for 1887 it is supposed that they were less than £1,000,000. The growth of manufactures, resultant on protection, has furnished a home market for nearly all the wheat, etc., raised in the empire. So that now Germany fixes the price of German wheat. Liverpool fixed it when Liverpool bought most of it. The time may come when the same will be true of the United States; but it will not come under a system which would close American factories and drive labor now employed in the mechanic arts into an increased production of grain for export.

International Commerce.

A subscriber at Oregon, Mo., sends us the following questions, which was sent also to a free trade paper in New York City:

If our international commerce is merely the exchange of our own productions for those of other countries, what would have probably been the effect on our own industries if we had procured all of our steel and iron material for our railways from other countries, and all of our sugars, under a low revenue tariff? The time embraced in the above will assume to be, say, twenty-five years.

The "effect on our industries" would have been, that the greater portion of the iron mining regions of the country would to-day be wild land, still undeveloped. No tariff would probably be arranged that would let in iron and steel for railways without also admitting it for other purposes. The great mining and iron working populations would be engaged in other work, presumably agriculture. As we can not possibly produce, owing to lack of climatic and soil conditions, but a small portion of the sugar in use, the result of a reduction of the sugar duties would have been to effect a saving of several millions per year to the consumers, but not one-tenth what the loss would have been from the non-development of the enormous steel and iron industries of the country. The question seems based on the fundamental error that if Europe sold more iron and steel here, she would buy more of our exportable products. No possible lowering of our tariff would make Europe buy one bushel more grain, or one pound more of pork, than she does at present. The balance of trade would have gone against us—that is, we would have been buying more abroad than we were selling, and a steady drain of gold to Europe would have been the result, making the nation poorer. We think we would have been two billions poorer, instead of richer, as our free trade contemporary seems to think.

A Kansas Farmer's Plea.

A correspondent at Gideon, Douglas county, Kansas, gives his ideas as follows:

I am a farmer and want to be protected. It is foolish for men to say we do not need protection when our home market is overrun with foreign produce. There is no reason to fear that the price will be kept up by "wool trusts," beef trusts or tobacco trusts. We must have more protection. When we import farm products to the value of nearly $60,000,000 annually, it looks as though we need protection. We should have a tariff so high that they could not import these products. Our surplus would then be reduced about $20,000,000 or more. But it would be wise to get out of debt before we reduce the surplus too much. Instead of doing this, Cleveland wants to put wool on the free list, that we may make the prey of foreign countries and drive our sheep to the slaughter-house. Give us protection, and we will supply the market with farm products.

Tariff on Farm Products.

A Wisconsin subscriber asks us for the tariff list on agricultural products. Here it is. Please cut it out and paste in your scrap-book:

Wool, from 2½ to 12 cents per pound.
Potatoes, 15 cents per bushel.
Butter, 4 cents per pound.
Cheese, 4 cents per pound.
Wheat, 20 cents per bushel.
Rye and barley, 10 cents per bushel.
Indian corn, 10 cents per bushel.
Honey, 20 cents per gallon.
Milk, preserved, 20 per cent. ad valorem.
Hams and bacon, 2 cents per pound.
Beef and pork, 1 cent per pound.
Lard, 2 cents per pound.
Pickles, 35 per cent. ad valorem.
Vegetables, 30 per cent. ad valorem.
Vinegar, 7½ cents per gallon.
Flax, $20 per ton.
Hemp, $25 per ton.

WILL THE PARALLEL HOLD GOOD IN 1888?

We find a curious little tabular calculation floating around among our exchanges, which is worth noting as a strong illustration of the law of coincidences. We should be glad to give its author credit for his ingenuity, did we know his name. The history of past Presidential contests shows three historic parallels, in which the same candidates were competitors, the man who was successful in the first contest being defeated by his competitor in the next round between the two. These three parallels are as follows:

In 1796 Adams defeated Jefferson, and in 1800 Jefferson defeated Adams.
In 1824 John Q. Adams defeated Jackson, and in 1828 Jackson defeated John Q. Adams.
In 1836 Van Buren defeated Harrison, and in 1840 Harrison defeated Van Buren.

The fourth instance may be regarded as half completed. In 1884 CLEVELAND defeated BLAINE. Should the coming contest develop the unexpected result of BLAINE being the standard-bearer of the Republican party, despite his positive declination, we might look to find the quartette of instances run thus:

	1796——1800.	
	1824——1828.	
	1836——1840.	
	1884——1888.	
Elected.	*Years.*	*Defeated.*
John Adams	1796	Thomas Jefferson
Thomas Jefferson	1800	John Adams
Jno. Quincy Adams	1824	Andrew Jackson
Andrew Jackson	1828	Jno. Quincy Adams
Martin VanBuren	1836	Wm. H'y Harrison
Wm. H'y Harrison	1840	Martin VanBuren
Grover Cleveland	1884	James G. Blaine
James G. Blaine	1888	Grover Cleveland

Stranger things than this have happened, and while the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE seems impracticable just now, who knows what changes may occur by the time the Chicago convention meets?

Down in Alabama the Republicans have plucked up courage enough to decide on naming a full state ticket at the coming convention. The way to rehabilitate the party is through efficient organization and active campaigns, whether successful or not.

BARBOUR, the new Democratic Senator from Virginia, who takes RIDDLEBERGER'S seat after March 4 next, publicly admits that he is not in harmony with the administration. The protection sentiment is very strong among the Virginia Democrats.

THE Philadelphia *Press* agrees with the BLADE that there is no concentration of the Blaine strength upon any other candidate, and it therefore urges the Pennsylvania Republicans not to bind their delegates to Chicago with instructions.

THERE is absolutely no citizen of the United States, save the few who have a pecuniary interest therein, who approves of the "trust" system. A trust is simply a combination to increase prices by destroying competition.

SENATOR BROWN, of Georgia, urges the people of his state to support "the policy which has enriched the North"—namely, protection. The split in the Democratic ranks over the free trade foolishness of Mr. CLEVELAND widens apace.

A BILL is before the New York legislature to tax the trusts. It is a sham. The thing to do is to crush them.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Pope is a careful reader of the daily papers.

The Emperor William left a personal fortune of $75,000,000.

Jennie June's daughter "Veda" is with the Lyceum Theater company.

The Canadian government has determined to grant no further aid to immigrants.

Another Oklahoma meeting, to be held in Wichita, is agitating Southwestern Kansas.

Prince Bismarck usually go

AFTER THE TRUSTS.

There are two bills aimed at the trusts already before Congress, evincing a desire on the part of our law-makers to respond to the public demand to be delivered from the extortions of these organized monopolies. The bill introduced in the House by Mr. BRECKINRIDGE, of Kentucky, provides that whenever any article or product when mined, made or manufactured in any foreign country and imported into the United States is subject to a duty, it shall be unlawful for any persons, corporations or associations engaged in the mining, making or manufacturing of such articles or product in the United States to enter into a contract, agreement, pool, combination, trust, association or undertaking to control the quantity, number or value or products produced or the division of the profits, and those who, by the terms of such agreements, refrain from the sale of such article or product shall be prosecuted by indictment in any court of the United States, and may be punished by a fine not exceeding $10,000 or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both. It is also provided that when such trusts, combinations, etc., are entered into on articles subject to import duty, such articles shall be admitted into the United States during the continuance of the trust free of duty, provided that the trust controls 65 per cent. of such article imported into the United States, or 65 per cent. of the aggregate amount imported or produced in the United States.

Another bill, introduced by Mr. THOMAS, declares it unlawful for any trust to ship or transport from one state to another, or to any foreign country, or from such foreign county to a state in the United States any article of merchandise, purchased, controlled or acquired, held or used, with the intention to unduly enhance the price of such article in the market or to the consumer. Violation of the law is made punishable by imprisonment for not less than two years nor more than five years.

FREE TRADE--ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The Hon. WM. P. FRYE, of Maine, in his recent discussion of the President's message, placed on file some fresh nuts for the opposition to crack. Among other items, he occupies about two pages of the *Congressional Record* with quotations from the English press, which are very apt pointers. His last is good enough to keep and may be reprinted, with his preface:

These exposures of the President's purpose, these expressions of redundant joy, these prophecies of the realization of the Democratic hopes, would have multiplied without limitation, if warning had not come that English opinions must be restrained in their utterance, or the full fruition of English hopes might be endangered. They heard the warning cry of the London *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"English free-traders would be well advised if they moderated the ecstacy of their jubilation over President Cleveland's message. Every word which they say in its favor will be used as a powerful argument against the adoption of its recommendations."

Then he called attention to the history of Ireland under the English free trade reign, and introduced the following argument from the speech of Hon. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in 1847, for the contemplation of the Irish Americans:

The cotton manufacture of Dublin, which employed 14,000 operatives, has been destroyed; the 3,000 silk looms of the Liberty have been destroyed; the stuff and serge manufactures, which employed 1,491 operatives, have been destroyed; the calico looms of Balbriggan have been destroyed; the flannel manufacture of Rotterdrum has been destroyed; the blanket manufacture of Kilkenny has been destroyed; the camlet trade of Bandon, which produced £100,000 per year, has been destroyed; the worsted and stuff manufactures of Waterford have been destroyed; the sateen and frieze manufactures of Carrick-on-Suir have been destroyed; one business alone survives, thrives, and flourishes, and dreads no bankruptcy.

* * That favored and privileged and patronized business is the Irish coffin-makers.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN IN 1884.

The Des Moines, Iowa, *Register* quotes the following paragraph of inquiry from the Boston *Herald*:

We find it now stated for the first time, in a Washington letter, that Robert Lincoln was offered the nomination for Vice President on the ticket with Blaine in 1884, and peremptorily refused it. There was something surprising in the suddenness with which Mr. Lincoln went out of sight as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, a position which it was generally agreed among the people at one time that he should have; but this latest reason for it needs confirmation.

To which the *Register* makes the following reply:

This question can be answered by those who attended a conference held at Chicago. After Mr. Blaine had been nominated, a conference of a few delegates from each state was held at the club-room at the Grand Pacific Hotel. George William Curtis was a member of the conference. Telegrams had been sent both to Robert Lincoln and Gen. Gresham asking if they would accept a nomination for the Vice Presidency. Both of them answered saying that they did not desire and would not accept such nomination. Friends of the two men made these statements to the conference, but still it was because they would not accept the second place, not because of any unwillingness to be identified with Mr. Blaine.

AND now the question arises, "What is the matter with Mr. CLEVELAND?" The last issue of the *Sunday Herald*, a Democratic paper published in Washington City, declares that recently the President desired to insure his life for $50,000; that negotiations were begun with the agent of a leading New York company, but that the medical examiner, after making his investigation, reported against taking the risk, so the agent was compelled to decline to write the policy. The reasons for the declination are not given, but they must be grave ones, to compel an insurance company to forego the magnificent advertisement that the insuring of the President of the United States would be. We note that abnormally plethoric men are considered dangerous risks by life insurance men, and it is a fact that the President has, within the past year or so, become still heavier in flesh than before.

THE Democratic wire pullers in Indiana, like their brethren in Ohio, are making the great mistake of attempting to defend frauds on the ballot. The board of County Commissioners of Marion county (Indianapolis) has, in appointing inspectors for the spring election, deliberately reappointed nearly all the inspectors who composed the conspiracy board of canvassers that approved the frauds committed at the election in November, 1886, and emphasized their indecent conduct by including BERNHAMER in the list of inspectors, although the latter is now confined in the penitentiary at Michigan City for having conspired and participated in a crime against the ballot-box. Their action is an insult to all honest citizens, and should receive fitting rebuke at the hands of the people.

THE Building Trades section of the Central Labor Union of New York energetically denouncing a shrewd custom that is growing up in that city. It seems that clever English and Scotch mechanics in the building trades come to this country during the busy season, make snug sums of money at the high wages ruling here and return home to spend it during the dull season at the low prices of living prevailing there. Those who object to this practice believe that the American republic is an asylum for the oppressed of other lands, but only for the oppressed who come to stay.

THE Democratic idea of carrying the Northwest is quite novel, to say the least. They propose to carry Wisconsin by killing its lumber interests through opening our markets to free Canadian lumber by the Mills bill. They expect to carry Michigan by destroying her three great interests through putting salt, copper and lumber on the free trade list. The majorities that will be rolled up against them will be simply astounding if they make the Mills bill their platform.

THE blizzard absolutely paralyzed business in New York city, and has led to a vast deal of suffering among the city's poor.

A REPUBLICAN POLL.

A CANVASS IN FIVE STATES.

A Most Interesting Exhibit—Still Longing for Blaine—The Consensus of Opinion is That the Party is in Good Fighting Trim—Little Fear of Labor or Prohibition.

The Philadelphia *Times* prints the result of a canvass on the Presidential situation that covers every township and ward in this state, New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Minnesota. It was not conducted in the interest of anybody, but solely to get at the preferences of the people. The politicians were as much as was possible left out of consideration. Immediately Mr. Blaine's letter of declination appeared, which for the first time made the Republican situation complicated, from 5 to 15 observant and conservative Republicans in each township in the states named were asked to carefully inquire about the feeling among the people and report to it not later than March 10. The names of these Republicans had been secured months before and they had been vouched for as representative and careful men.

New York was selected because it is a pivotal state; Minnesota, in order to find out how much there is in the reported defection among the Republicans of the Northwest on the subject of the tariff; and Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana because they contain in a compact body fully 1,200,000 Republican electors, or about one-fourth of the total of 4,800,000 votes cast for Blaine in the whole United States four years ago.

The questions upon which information was sought were:

The preferences for the Presidential nominees;

The condition of the party as compared with the same time in 1884;

Whether the Labor or Prohibition vote would likely to change the usual result;

And in Minnesota whether or not the people favor a high protective tariff.

SUMMARY OF THE RESULTS

Beginning in the Northwest it is found that Lincoln leads Minnesota for first place, with Gresham a close second. Many refuse to accept Blaine's declination as final, while others declare his withdrawal has increased the chances in their districts at least 25 per cent. Moderate tariff reform is demanded, but the assertion that the Republications of Minnesota are for a tariff for revenue only is repudiated. Prohibition is making some inroads, but is not greatly feared.

Indiana is undeniably for Harrison, Gresham hardly being in sight. Labor and temperance will not figure permanently as issues, but pensions for old soldiers, and a square count of all votes, cast either North or South, are called for.

Ohio is solid outwardly for Sherman, with an inclination noticeable everywhere to desert him on the first provocation and go over either to Blaine or Foraker.

In Pennsylvania there is no settled consensus of preferences. All the Republicans in the state were for Blaine, and since his withdrawal sentiment has not fixed upon any one. Cameron could have some delegates, but he insists he is not a candidate. Those who mention him are the politicians; the people say nothing about him. The next most popular men are Lincoln, Hawley, Sherman and Depew. The state is safely Republican for anybody.

LOOKING TO NEW YORK.

By far the most carefully canvassed state was New York. Excepting a few wards in some of the interior cities and the townships in the Catskills and Adirondacks, which it was impossible to reach, almost every precinct in the state was heard from. There is undeniably a strong sentiment in favor of the nomination of Blaine by acclamation. With him out of the way Depew leads, with Blaine a close second, declination or no declination. Hiscock and Sherman are the next favorites, but they are a long way behind.

IN SPLENDID TRIM.

From every section comes reports that the party is in far better fighting shape than at this time four years ago, dissensions and personal ambitions having been wholly dropped, and the one idea being that of winning. It will be a campaign between the two old parties, and third or fourth parties will not affect the results. The tariff is to be the main issue. Expressions of good will are held out toward Conkling, because it is deemed essential to harmonize all heretofore discordant elements in the party. The voters say they are already eager for the fray—wish it were on now, and they are organizing campaign clubs in every city, village and even in the country.

FAVORITES OF FIVE STATES.

Blaine is Still the Favorite, but with Him Out Every State Has a Favorite.

NEW YORK.

There are in the state of New York 1,043 wards and townships outside of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Troy, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester and Buffalo. Of these, it was impossible to get replies from 162, because many of them are mountain districts and others are on the extreme northern boundary and difficult to reach in the time allowed. But enough city wards outside of New York and Brooklyn were heard from to make the total 1,120. These cover practically the entire state. Their voice on first choice for the Presidential nomination stands:

Depew	434	Harrison	16
Blaine	403	Gresham	12
Hiscock	72	Sheridan	12
Sherman	48	Foraker	4
Lincoln	28	Gresham	4
Allison	26		
Hawley	17	Total	1,120

The Depew strength comes largely from sections that say they were for Blaine before his declination. So does the Lincoln strength.

A canvass among leading Republicans without reference to ward or precinct, was made in New York city and Brooklyn. Only first choice was asked for, and the following is the result:

NEW YORK.

Depew	343	Lincoln	9
Blaine	176	Sheridan	8
Sherman	152	Harrison	1
Hiscock	65		
Conkling	41	Total	806
Hawley	11		

BROOKLYN.

Depew	68	Evarts	6
Depew	51	Harrison	4
Hiscock	57	Miller	4
Hawley	31	Allison	2
Sherman	27	Morton	1
Conkling	27	The nominee	31
Lincoln	24		
Sheridan	11	Total	362
Phelps	7		

PENNSYLVANIA.

It is anybody's fight in Pennsylvania. The Republicans of the state were thoroughly bound up in the fortunes of Blaine. When he withdrew there was political chaos, out of which there has not yet come any sort of order. The replies all agree, not only the politicians, but the rank and file as well, that it is the earnest wish that some way be opened up by which Blaine can be induced to accept a nomination by acclamation on a protective platform.

Dropping Blaine, the vote on what may be called the second choice of the state stands thus by wards and townships:

Lincoln	350	Evarts	18
Sherman	254	Hiscock	17
Hawley	108	Sheridan	8
Depew	57	Ingalls	5
Harrison	55	Alger	4
Gresham	54	Porter	1
Allison	34	Beaver	1
Cameron	29	The nominee	221
Phelps	25		
Foraker	20	Total	1,266

The Cameron votes come from Dauphin county almost exclusively, the Gresham from Philadelphia and Pittsburg; the Sherman from Philadelphia and the western counties of the state; the Harrison from Lycoming, Tioga and Bradford, and the Lincoln from the eastern part, though the Sherman and Lincoln preferences are well scattered. A favorite ticket is Lincoln and Hawley, but if the former would accept the last place, Hawley and Lincoln would suit as well, if not better.

OHIO.

While the Sherman showing is large in Ohio, there is a tendency to look for a more available candidate. The second choice of the replies is as follows:

Foraker	253	Ingalls	17
Lincoln	241	Hiscock	9
Harrison	218	Sheridan	3
Hawley	108	Porter	1
Blaine	94	The nominee	56
Depew	34		
Allison	21	Total	1,075

But he would indeed be a very dull investigator of political leanings who would take the situation in Ohio to-day as outlined in the foregoing figures. Keeping strictly to the statements made by the conservative Republicans who wrote, it is safe to say that were either Blaine or Foraker avowed candidates, Sherman could not hold the Ohio delegation intact for an hour.

Sherman's steady and permanent strength comes from Fairfield county, where he was born, Richland county, where he lives, and the central, southern, southwestern and western counties in Adams county, in the southwest, there are, though, many Blaine men, and the same is true in all of the counties named. On the other hand, Blaine has a strong following in the east, northeast, north and northwestern counties. Voters in Trumbull, Ashtabula, Mahoning, Jefferson, Columbia, Portage, Stark, Medina, Summit, Geauga, Lake, Sandusky, Ottawa, Wood, Henry, Lucas (Toledo), Fulton, Williams, Defiance and Putnam counties say Blaine would suit them as well as would Sherman. The only objection made to Blaine is that of expediency.

In addition to this there is apparent in every part of the state a strong admiration for Foraker. It amounts in many of the counties, notably in Jefferson, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, Cuyahoga, Lucas, Clermont, Pickaway, Coshocton and Highland, Foraker's native county, to the belief that, with Blaine out of the field, Governor Foraker is really the man to make an enthusiastic campaign, on which the doubtful states can be carried with a whoop and a hurrah.

INDIANA.

In Indiana, as in the other states, a very large proportion vote upon the understanding that Blaine will not be a candidate. They add, however, in about 40 per cent. of the districts, that if Blaine is a candidate all calculations are off. Particularly is this true in the Sherman and Gresham townships and wards. The Harrison people stand firmer, but they are of course for any good Republican. The vote stands:

Harrison	698	Porter	12
Sherman	302	Depew	8
Gresham	105		
Blaine	85	Total	1,252
Lincoln	42		

MINNESOTA.

Before giving the preferences it should be said that they were made with the idea that Blaine is out of the race. The forty-three who favor him say the people in their locality want Blaine, declination or no declination. The vote is:

Lincoln	401	Conkling	3
Gresham	211	Fairchild	1
Sherman	171	C. K. Davis	1
Allison	103	Governor Rusk	1
Blaine	43		
Foraker	23	Total	962
Sheridan	4		

PROSPECTS OF SUCCESS.

Opinion as to the Outlook and as to the Platform.

The question, "What is the condition of the party as compared with this time four years ago?" finds a few Minnesota Republicans who fear prohibition and the tariff. The overwhelming sentiment, however, is that the party is in a very much improved condition, differences having been laid aside and hobbies which had been ridden at the expense of the party, or to aid personal ambitions, having been laid aside with them. The great object to-day is to regain the party's lost power. The party is already as alive to its work as it usually is some months later in the campaign. An indication of this is that many whose opinions had not been asked took the trouble on seeing copies of the circular, to send their views.

Another feature is the willingness to send unpledged delegations to Chicago. Republicans say they followed the lead of one man four years ago, and while they still admire that leader they are for the party now, and are willing that combined judgment of the party representatives shall say whom they shall support. This is especially noticeable in Pennsylvania, New York and Minnesota. In Ohio and Indiana favorite sons claim stronger loyalty.

Of the Prohibition movement it is asserted of some four or five counties in Western and Central New York, and of nine counties in Minnesota, that it is on the increase and that something must be done if possible to win the temperance people back. In all this it is also emphatically asserted that the Prohibition vote will not change the usual result.

All agree that the temperance advocates are holding their own except in Pennsylvania, where the high license law has taken the wind from their sails to a great extent. In several New York and Indiana city wards it is admitted that the Prohibitionists will gain some, but denied that enough will be effected to change the result.

As Republicans were liable to be prejudiced in their testimony on this question, leading Democrats were consulted in all of the states, and the result of their expressions is not much different from that given by the Republicans.

The consensus of the opinion of all the Republicans residing in almost every ward and township in all the five states and of several hundred leading Republicans scattered throughout them may be set down as this: that the battle in November is to be a straight fight between the two big parties and that any third issue now in sight will not cut any considerable figure either in the campaign or in the result.

THE TARIFF.

Minnesota was chosen for the canvass on the question of high tariff because it is a representative Northwestern state, and because it has been asserted that the revenue reform feeling among Republicans there is stronger than in any other so-called Republican state.

Every one of the 80 organized counties were heard from through their party managers, and, in addition, observant and conservative men were consulted in 962 wards and townships in the state. The result of these expressions is that there is a considerable element, which a careful estimate puts at about 15 per cent., among Minnesota Republicans, who are outspoken free traders. Another careful estimate based upon the replies received, puts the proportion of high-tariff Republicans in the state at about 20 per cent.

The other 65 per cent. they say are not in favor of a high-protective tariff, but are moderate tariff reformers. They repudiate the assertion frequently made that they favor a tariff for revenue only and declare that they want all kinds of American labor protected, farmers and all alike.

It is asserted that the farmers of Minnesota, a very large proportion of whom are well-to-do, hard-working and honest Scandinavians, are every day becoming better acquainted with the workings of the tariff and that there would be no doubt of the result. As between high tariff and a tariff somewhat reduced from what it is now, but which will still maintain the protection idea, capable of being put into practical effect for the benefit of all classes of American labor, the reformers would probably carry the state.

The paring down of the Republican plurality in the state from 41,000 for Blaine in 1884 to less than 3,000 for Medill in 1886, is repeatedly declared to have been due wholly to local feuds and disaffection. Of the 962 townships heard from, 756 assert that on national issues, and with a good ticket and the tariff plank, whatever the party in the other states demand, Minnesota can be carried by 25,000 plurality. Not one puts it below that figure, and some go as high as the Blaine figures in 1884.

On the question of what to advocate in order to be most certain to win, there is not much diversity of opinion. The planks that may be said to amount to the dignity of a demand is that they be insisted upon in the next national platform are: Protection to American labor, whether brain or manual; that every vote wherever and by whomever cast shall be honestly counted; that disabled Union soldiers, but not coffee coolers, be granted pensions; that coast defenses be provided; that foreign trade be extended as much as possible, and that an honest civil service honestly administer public affairs.

SOME SUGGESTIONS OFFERED.

Suggestions on the conduct of the campaign were asked for, and, of course, a great number received. Those that are favored by any considerable number of thoughtful men in all of the five states canvassed are herewith given:

The insertion of a temperance plank embodying the idea adopted by the Pennsylvania Republicans two years ago, providing for the settlement of the temperance question by popular vote of the people by states.

The organization of political clubs in every ward and township in the land, which shall in no way interfere with the party management, but simply arouse enthusiasm and get out the vote.

The education of the people on the tariff question. Not one in ten among them, it is claimed, realizes the true working of the law and how it really benefits farmers by bringing markets to their doors and increasing the value of their property.

No war talk on either side. The war is over and no party can live on the past. When Southern brigadiers flaunt their bloody shirt, we of the North must emulate Grant and not flaunt ours in return or applaud a man who insists upon re-fighting the war, no matter whether he lives in Massachusetts or Mississippi.

The free circulation of President Cleveland's last annual message.

Urging the Republicans to let the Mills, or any other Democratic revenue reform bill, pass the House as an earnest of what Democrats would do if in full control.

A forcible argument comes from Pennsylvania. It is the taking of the internal revenue tax off tobacco and the customs duty off sugar. This would reduce the surplus to the extent of about $75,000,000. This action would wipe out the sugar trusts at the very outset, and something it is absolutely urged, must be done to relieve the people from the monopolies that are springing up in all directions. The party that kills the trusts will reap a reward in votes. Those the coming campaign be made the issue of a free pipe and a free sugar bowl, and Republican success is assured.

For second place on the ticket there is little or no concern, and nearly all who mention the office desire that it shall go where it will the most good.

Strength of Lee's Army at Appomattox.

NACONA, TEX., March 16.—EDITOR BLADE: —In the weekly of March 8, you correct Senator Vest and give the strength of Lee's army on February 20, 1865, at 57,094 men, and the number of the paroled at 27,516. You, as well as Vest, are wrong. In Lee's Memoirs, page 682, the total present is given as 73,349, and on page 699, the total number paroled, 28,231, besides several batteries that they do not appear. Lee's Memoirs is now, I believe, accepted as the standard report of his operations. J. J. MATTHEWS.

Democratic Name-Calling.

Cleveland Leader.

We cannot see how the Democratic party can consistently chide the Republican press for alluding to President Cleveland in positive and unmistakable terms when Henry Watterson referred to him as "Cleveland, the sacred bull of Buffalo." General George B. McClellan declared that "Cleveland is not a gentleman;" Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, vigorously asserted, "— — — Cleveland, he'll lose us Kentucky;" Charles A. Dana, in a lucid interval, tersely described him as "Cleveland, that man of beef;" a prominent Richmond Democrat pictured him as "a tub of sausage;" and 30 prominent Buffalo clergymen said in 1884, "Grover Cleveland is a man of innumerable immoralities!" If his own party knows him so well it is surely not a strange matter that his opponents have at least a passing acquaintance with his weaknesses.

Our Blessed Mail Service.

Chicago Tribune.

"You'll write to me, John, of course?" said the wife of a Chicago man who was packing his valise for a journey to the East.

"Certainly, Maria," he replied. "I have already written several letters and deposited them in the Postoffice here, and as soon as I reach Philadelphia I shall mail you two or three more by special delivery. You know I am only going to be away three weeks, and I am almost confident some of those letters will reach you before I return. Keep up a good heart, Maria. We are in the hands of a Democratic administration, but the Lord reigns over all."

Its Correct Title.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A correspondent suggests that the Mills tariff bill be amended in the matter of title to read:

A BILL
TO INCREASE THE REVENUE FROM IMPORTS,
by
Transferring large lines of Manufactures from the United states to Foreign Countries;
To Increase the Importation of Manufactures;
To Reduce the Wages of Manufacturing Employes in the United States,
and to
Substitute Foreign Shoddy for American Wool in Making Cloths, Coatings, and Blankets in and for the United States.

How Things Look in Virginia.

Virginia cor. Rochester Herald.

What is true of the condition of affairs in Richmond and public feeling on the subject of the tariff is true also at Norfolk, Petersburg and other Virginia cities which have taken advanced steps and are now classed as enterprising and thrifty places. The action of the legislature in almost unanimously voting to support the tariff tection and recommending it to congress indicates that if nothing else will give success to the Republican ticket this fall it is this single issue.

Ifcom the Republican Party!

New York Press.

"I voted," cried a veteran gray,
"For Lincoln and salvation;
I marched from Gotham to the fray
To save our bleeding nation.
While Democrats the Union cursed,
We saved the flag, my hearty,
And vote I shall next time or burst
For Lincoln's grand old party."

Down With the Trust.

Omaha Herald.

The trust is an organized crime. It is thievery with a system. It is robbery reduced to a science. The people are its victims. Therefore the people declare that the trust must go. It must go at any cost. The going may involve striped suits for some who wear broadcloth now, but no matter.

Don't Naturalize the Heathen.

Denver Republican.

Two Chinese applied for naturalization and were granted their first papers in the Criminal court yesterday, March 12. This was wrong. The naturalization of Chinese is contrary to the plain language of the statute, and it has also been held to be illegal by a Federal judge.

Brothers in One Cause.

Minneapolis Tribune.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* declares that there is nothing in common between Democracy and Prohibition. People who have been well acquainted with representatives of both parties admit that they separate at the saloon door, but it has been suspected that at the polls they fought a common enemy.

A Big Field for Anything.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

It looks as though the battles within the parties for the Presidential nominations would both be fought out in New York as well as the battle between the nominees themselves in November. Isn't it time that the monopolization of politics were taken out of New York?

Getting Their Grip on Things.

Syracuse Standard.

The average man may want but little here below, but somehow the impression has gone abroad that a few of his fellow beings will not want that little long, as the trusts now own most of the earth, and are rapidly acquiring the remainder.

One Trust That Is Popular.

Atlanta Constitution, Dem.

Congressional committees are investigating all the trusts except the whisky trust. The public will begin to believe after while that the whisky trust is popular with Congressmen.

Old Jupiter on Another Tear.

Peoria Transcript.

The planet Jupiter has a big red spot on its face. Jupiter must be a Democrat.

hampion Short Hand Writer.

Mr. A. S. White, the well known author of "White's Phonography," famous as the Champion Short Hand Writer of the World, received the first prizes in the international contests at London, Edinburgh, Paris and Berlin; he came near being permanently disabled by rheumatism. His recovery by the use of a remedy infallible in curing rheumatism and all blood diseases is told in a letter from his office, 92 Washington street, Chicago, dated June 20, 1887.

He writes:

"Your remedy has done wonderful service for me. For the past five years I have been troubled with rheumatic pains.

"My right hand had become almost useless and I was gradually losing speed as a shorthand writer. A friend of mine, Dr. Dederich, advised me of your remedy. I used a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and am now entirely recovered. I shall never cease to commend your excellent medicines, and wish you much success.

"Yours truly, A. S. WHITE."

And here is another witness:

"BENTON, Ark., August 25th, 1887.

"Last spring I was dangerously afflicted with erysipelas, and my life was despaired of by my physicians. As a last hope I tried S. S. S. and soon found relief, and in two weeks I was able to attend to my business. I used five bottles.

"S. H. WITTHORNE, Ed. Saline *Courier*."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE---GRAVEL.

There is nothing which I now enjoy that I do not owe to the happy chance of having used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at a time I was suffering all that a human being could endure. My troubles began in my Kidneys over nine years ago and from which

I Never Expected to Recover.

Later my physician said I had Bright's Disease which was alarming information. To add to my affliction, after I had been ill about two years, I had a bad attack of Gravel. I saw Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N.Y., advertised. After using three bottles I was well. I have never had a return of either complaint, and though I am over sixty years of age

I am Now Vigorous and Strong

as I was in my prime. What physicians and all of the many remedies I had taken could not do, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did. It stayed the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman.

MRS. EMELINE P. MIZNER, Burg Hill, O.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,
Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

CHILDHOOD'S HAPPY HOURS.

The Children's Sage Thoughts and Comica Conclusions.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

Ernest, a 5-year-old, was sent up stairs with a small basket of potatoes, and after tugging them up half way he set the basket down to get a fresh hold. An aunt of his standing at the head of the stairs said to him; "What is the matter, Ernest? Is the basket heavy?" "No," he says, "the basket ain't heavy, but the taters is."

CHARLIE'S BETE NOIRE.

A little 3-year-old boy was playing with his grandmother's work basket, when his mother entered the room and said: "Charlie, don't you know that your grandmother has forbade you to meddle with her work-basket?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "but grandmother is not here."

"No, but God is." The child was in deep thought for a few minutes, and, looking up to his mother, said: "I'll take my chances with God saying anything as long as grandmother is not here."

APPLIED SUNDAY-SCHOOL TRAINING.

A refractory Boston youngster was being sharply rebuked by his mother for his numerous transgressions.

"Harry, Harry," she exclaimed, "if you have in that way you will worry your father and mother to death; and what will you do without any father and mother?"

"The Lord is my shepherd," said the small boy; "I shall not want."

READY FOR A TRADE.

Bobby was lonesome and Minnie was quietly playing with her doll, an employment in which Bobby had vainly sought diversion.

"Mamma," sighed Bobby, "I wish I owned the whole world."

"The whole world? What would you do with it, darling?"

"I'd trade Minnie's doll for a pup."

RECOMMENDED FOR TRIAL.

Little Paul is just beginning to talk, but to the horror of his mother occasionally uses "a big, big D." Ah, the little pitchers! how they catch up everything they hear! The other day while Annie, the maid, was washing the dishes he dropped a toy hammer, with which he was playing, on his foot, whereupon he uttered an unmistakable "Damn it!"

"Why, Paul! what a naughty word! Never, never say such a word again," said the shocked Annie.

At this moment she dropped a plate on the floor, where it broke.

"There! now, see what I've done," she exclaimed, vexed, as was natural.

Paul's meekly penitent look instantly changed to one of mischievous intelligence as he said with an aaeh glance at her: "Say, Damn it, Annie."

A DOUBLE RISK.

Little Emma—I fear Fido caught cold, mamma.

Mother—Why, my child?

Little Emma—When we came home it commenced to rain and Fido got his feet wet.

Mother—Well, you often get your feet wet and havn't caught cold.

Little Emma—Yes, but Fido has four feet.

THE OLD ORIGINAL.

Marion was sitting at the open window, and her father desired her to move away, as she would be likely to catch cold. "Oh, no," she said, "I will not." Her father insisted that she must do as he said. She was suddenly taken with a little fit of sneezing. "There, you have got cold now," exclaimed her father. Marion, not wishing to acknowledge it, replied, "Oh, no, I have not; that is my other cold."

BOSTON ETIQUETTE.

A small boy was standing with his mother by the window one morning when the rain prevented him from going out, when a playmate of his own age, who, with his little sister, was standing at his window on the opposite side of the street, nodded to him. Tom did not return the salute, but looked confused, and when Jack nodded again he began to blush.

"Why, Tom," his mother said, "don't you see Jack bowing to you? Why don't you bow to him."

"But, mamma," small Tom answered, looking greatly distressed, "how can I? I don't know his sister."

WENT MAMMA ONE BETTER.

The three-year-old was in trouble again and mamma planted him in a chair with a thud that astonished his infantile ideas of inertia.

"Now you sit there and don't take your eyes off that clock until the big hands get to there. I'll find some way to punish you."

He sat as motionless as the business man who doesn't advertise until the minute hand had covered a quarter lap. Then mamma, with a self-satisfied smile, went to release the penitent.

"Say, ma," he said, "can't I sit here and watch it some more?"

INTERESTED IN GIANTS.

"George," asked the teacher of a Sunday school class, "whom, above all others, shall you wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

THE SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF IT.

A four-year-old miss had been naughty the other day, and her mamma shut her up in a closet by way of punishment. The little one alternated between fits of crying and appeals for freedom, and was heard to say within herself: "I tell you, this is tough!"

THE TRUE COMMERCIAL SPIRIT.

"Here are five goid dollars," said grandpa to little Harry, "one for each of your birthdays. What more could a little shaver like you have to wish for?" "Only that I was as old as you, grandpa," was the reply.

THE IMMEDIATE CONSIDERATIONS.

A girl of 10 slipped and fell on the street recently, and a kind-hearted gentleman who assisted her to arise thought to comfort her by saying: "Never mind, sis, you ain't old enough to lose any dignity by it." "Yes, but I am old enough to know that it loosened the whole top of my head, and that I bit my tongue almost in two!" she tearfully answered.

BOBBY'S ENDURANCE IS EXHAUSTED.

Little Bobby (tired of the service and whispering to his mother)—Ma. Mother—Sh! What is it, dear? "When we get home can I go out in the back yard and holler just once?"

A YOUTHFUL BAPTIST.

A precocious four-year-old at Englewood has recently attended several baptismal services in the church and was greatly impressed thereby. The other day she was observed by her mother putting her doll through the form of baptism she had seen practised. She said:

"I now baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and in the hole you go."—*N. Y. World.*

Important to Soldiers and Their Heirs.

Every soldier, pensioner or soldier's heir should send his or her address at once to Soule & Co., Attorneys, Washington D. C., who will immediately forward information regarding new and important legislation for their benefit, and a copy of one of the best family papers published. Send addresses of all your soldier acquaintances, and mention this paper.

The Biggest Ranch in Mexico.

Just beyond the southern border of San Luis is the justly celebrated Hacienda de Jaral, probably the largest in Mexico. Half a century ago its proprietor, the Marquis de Jaral, was reputed the greatest landowner in the world, and on this one estate he had 300,000 head of live-stock, and slaughtered every year 60,000 sheep and goats. His hospitality was unbounded, but his oppression of the poor was almost unbearable. At one time he razed every house in a village and scattered its inhabitants homeless and defenseless, to prevent them from getting a town charter which would give them possession of the lands.

Will Teach His Sunday School Teachers Chinese.

There is a Chinaman in Philadelphia who proposes to organize a class composed of his friends, the Sunday school teachers, to learn the Chinese language. He professes to be able to teach it so that one can speak good Chinese with seven months' study. He says that the pleasure of being able to read a Chinese book in the original will fully compensate his pupils for the task in learning the language.

A True Soldier.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly and without question. The true soldier never——"

"Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away."

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "Good day."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rev. Mr. F. C. Holliday, one of the oldest and most widely known Methodist ministers, and father of Courtes F. Holliday, secretary of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, is dead.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

L. S. L.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Quarterly Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over a Half Million Distributed.

Louisiana State Lottery Company
Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $350,000 has since been added.

By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D., 1879.

The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.

It never scales or postpones.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months (March, June, September and December.)

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FOURTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS D, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, April 10, 1888—215th Monthly Drawing.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $150,000.

Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
500 "	100	50,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
100 Approximation Prizes of	$500	$ 50,000
100 "	200	20,000
100 "	100	10,000
1,000 Terminal	50	50,000
2,179 Prizes, amounting to		$535,000

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.

For further information write clearly, giving full address. POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders, or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed to

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

AN ARABIAN PRINCESS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A very pleasantly written little book is one, recently published, entitled "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess," which presents social life among that people in a different light, in many respects, from that in which Americans are wont to regard it. A sort of vague idea pervades the mind, received by the early studies of geography in which the Arabs are represented as careering on fleet steeds across the desert, that they are a sort of wild nondescripts, who have no civilization such as answers to the word in Western countries. Of course they who have traveled under the sunny skies of the Orient know that there are higher classes, from whose customs we might safely copy some things, but the few make little headway against the general thought—the fruit of ignorance of truth.

The statements of the Princess in regard to life among the higher classes of the Arabs are tinctured by the strong love of a woman for the dear home and companions of her happy childhood. Her father was Sultan of Zanzibar—a large island off of the coast of Africa—and a man of education and great refinement of feeling. She speaks of him, with a reverential affection that shows him to have been a person worthy of respect.

No doubt many of our readers will be disposed to question this, when they learn that he had one legitimate wife and 75 concubines. It must be remembered, however, that this is an Eastern custom, allowed by their religion, and looked upon therefore, as natural and right. In speaking of this, the Princess somewhat wittily observes that she should say the only difference in the position of a married woman in the East and in Europe, is that the former knows the number, as well as the character of her rivals, while the latter is kept in a state of *considerate* interest about them.

This is the way she talks about her father:

"Being one of the youngest children, I only remember my father with his venerable, snow-white beard. He was above middle height, his features had a very fascinating and engaging expression, and his whole appearance commanded respect. In spite of his wrathful propensities, and his delight in conquest, he was a model father and sovereign. Justice he valued as the highest of all things, and in this respect he knew no difference of person, not even between one of his wives and one of his slaves. He humbled himself before God; nor was he self-conceited and proud like so many high-born people. It happened, and not rarely, either, that he himself took the water for the wedding of a simple slave, who had gained his regard by many years of loyal service, to offer his congratulations in person."

This description of her father, remember, was written for her own children, as indeed was the whole book, and not for the public. Married when young to a German who was engaged in commercial pursuits in Zanzibar, she was taken back to Germany, and made her home among strange people, from whom it was no wonder that her heart turned toward her own race in that far off island. Yet the picture here drawn shows that nobility of character is confined to no nation, creed, or country, nor is it the product of any especial kind of teaching.

Her presentation of the social condition of her countrywomen is interesting. She says that it is a fallacy to think that the wife is placed upon a lower level than her husband. She stands upon a par with him and she always retains her rank and the rights and titles emanating from it, to their fullest extent.

Yet, in the next breath, she speaks of their enforced seclusion rendering them helpless, the law requiring that only her male relatives may see her, but to all others she must appear veiled and shrouded, the very spirit of such a custom being necessarily one to induce timidity and subserviency. This veiling process is only exacted of women of high rank. The poorer ones may go forth into God's sunlight, and enjoy the sweet breath of the flowers without its being strained through cloth and made to lose its fragrance. Poverty brings some blessings with it in that country, whatever be its pains. The princess admits that this swaddling is carried on too far, but quietly adds that the *want* of dress in the ball costume of the European lady of high rank is quite as reprehensible.

Again she says:

If foreigners had more frequent opportunities to observe the cheerfulness, the exuberance of spirits, even, of Eastern woman, they would soon and more easily become convinced of the untruth of all of those stories afloat about the degraded, oppressed, and listless state of their life. It is impossible to gain a true insight into the actual domestic life in a few moments' visit. And the conversation carried on in those formal occasions hardly deserves that name; there is barely more than the exchange of a few commonplace remarks—and it is questionable if even these have been correctly understood.

Notwithstanding his innate hospitality, the Arab has the greatest possible objection to having his home pried into by those of another land and creed. Whenever, therefore, a European lady called upon us, the enormous circumference of her hoops (which were the fashion then, and took up the entire width of the stairs) was the first thing to strike us dumb with wonder; after which the very meagre conversation generally confined itself on both sides to the mysteries of the different costumes; the lady retired as wise as she was when she came, after having been sprinkled over by the Eunuchs with otto of roses, and being the richer for some parting presents. It is true, she had been to and entered a Harem, she had seen the much-pitied oriental ladies (though only through their veils), she had with her own eyes seen our dresses, our jewellery, the nimbleness with which she sat down on the floor—and that was all. She could not boast of having seen more than any other foreign lady who had called before her. She is conducted upstairs and downstairs again by the Eunuchs, and is watched all the time. Hardly she sees more than the reception room, and more rarely still can she guess or find out who the veiled lady is with whom she conversed. In short, she had no opportunity whatsoever of learning anything of domestic life or the position of Eastern women.

No doubt it is true that there is a great deal more happiness, especially among the young people, than seems possible to the women of the West who are accustomed to so great a degree of freedom, but the very facts which she details to prove this, only go to show that their life is narrow and restricted in the extreme, and that what she names as the great influence of a woman over a man, as in the case of her stepmother, the legitimate wife of her father, is exceptional there, and yet not in any way infrequent here.

Her description of the way fashionable ladies make their social calls upon each other is very entertaining. I can do no better than to quote it here, and my readers who find the rules of etiquette irksome in this country will draw a long breath of thankfulness that she was not born an Arab lady of rank:

Ladies of rank are accompanied by a large troop of armed slaves, who look more martial, however, than they really are.

The vanguard was led by ten to twenty of these armed fellows, two or three in a line carrying lanterns; the mistress, with an Arab companion, followed, and a number of well-dressed female slaves closed the procession.

The slaves turned all people, high or low, passing the street at the same time, out of the way; and to let the procession pass, they were obliged to take refuge in a by-street or in some open doorway. This measure, however, could only be carried through by members of the reigning family—other great ladies were not so easily obeyed, and the lower classes rarely disposed themselves with alacrity to clear the way.

Having arrived at the place of destination, we were at once announced; after which, we followed the servants into the reception rooms, or, on moonlight nights, up to the clean paved roof.

The hostess is seated on her "Medde," a seat some six inches high above the ground, which is covered with rich cloth of gold, reclining against a "Mekje," a cushion put against the wall. It is not customary for her to rise and meet her visitors as courtesy requires in this country; she only rises to express her pleasure, or in honor of the rank and station of the calling lady.

The visitors kiss the hands of the hostess, her head, and the hem of her shawl (persons of equal rank only shake hands), and they then seat themselves. Only a lady of the same rank can sit down on the Medde—those of an inferior station in life have to sit at some distance.

The mask is retained, with the exception of the shoes as part of the dress is removed, not even the Schele. In walking, the wooden sandals are replaced by the richly-embroidered "Kosch," a kind of leather slipper with broad heel. The shoes are slipped off before entering the room, and this custom is followed from the sovereign down to the slave. It is the business of the attending slaves to place these shoes, which are all much alike, in such a way that the owner on leaving can at once step into them. Even in this there is a strict rule of etiquette minutely laid down, and more rarely still can she guess or find out who the veiled lady is with whom she conversed. In short, she had no opportunity whatsoever of learning anything of domestic life or the position of Eastern women.

No doubt it is true that there is a great deal more happiness, especially among the young people, than seems possible to the women of the West who are accustomed to so great a degree of freedom, but the very facts which she details to prove this, only go to show that their life is narrow and restricted in the extreme, and that what she names as the great influence of a woman over a man, as in the case of her stepmother, the legitimate wife of her father, is exceptional there, and yet not in any way infrequent here.

Her description of the way fashionable ladies make their social calls upon each other is very entertaining. I can do no better than to quote it here, and my readers who find the rules of etiquette irksome in this country will draw a long breath of thankfulness that she was not born an Arab lady of rank:

Ladies of rank are accompanied by a large troop of armed slaves, who look more martial, however, than they really are.

The vanguard was led by ten to twenty of these armed fellows, two or three in a line carrying lanterns; the mistress, with an Arab companion, followed, and a number of well-dressed female slaves closed the procession.

The slaves turned all people, high or low, passing the street at the same time, out of the way; and to let the procession pass, they were obliged to take refuge in a by-street or in some open doorway. This measure, however, could only be carried through by members of the reigning family—other great ladies were not so easily obeyed, and the lower classes rarely disposed themselves with alacrity to clear the way.

Having arrived at the place of destination, we were at once announced; after which, we followed the servants into the reception rooms, or, on moonlight nights, up to the clean paved roof.

The hostess is seated on her "Medde," a seat some six inches high above the ground, which is covered with rich cloth of gold, reclining against a "Mekje," a cushion put against the wall. It is not customary for her to rise and meet her visitors as courtesy requires in this country; she only rises to express her pleasure, or in honor of the rank and station of the calling lady.

The visitors kiss the hands of the hostess, her head, and the hem of her shawl (persons of equal rank only shake hands), and they then seat themselves. Only a lady of the same rank can sit down on the Medde—those of an inferior station in life have to sit at some distance.

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The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Profuse Staling.

T. W., Bow Creek, Kansas: For your mules that urinate too frequently, give iodide of potash, six drachms; powdered aluna, half an ounce. Mix into 12 balls, and give one to each mule morning and evening. In cases such as you describe it is best not to give much medicine until you are certain that the trouble is not a temporary one.

Grease Heel.

Mrs. F. D. S., Iowa: To treat grease heels in a horse, the first thing to be done is to give a cathartic. This should be three drachms aloes and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, as a drench, in a pint of warm water. Bathe the parts well with tepid water until all are thoroughly clean. Then take of acetate of lead, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, half an ounce; water, one pint. Mix and apply twice daily, cleaning the parts with warm soap and water previous to applying. Half an ounce of saltpetre should be given in the drinking water once a day, every other day for a week, close the wound and bind with any kind of soft material. Carbolic acid, two drachms; water, one pint, is also an excellent wash. If there is proud flesh, the above must be applied more than once. After the part has healed, if there is yet a lump, rub with iodine, one drachm; iodide of potash, two drachms; lard, two ounces. Mix at a gentle heat. Be sure to clean the sore out well. There may be sand or some other foreign substance in it.

Peanut Culture.

S. S. K., Gothenburg, Neb.: For a book on peanut culture, address Brown, Eager, Hull & Co., Toledo, O. The BLADE had an article on this subject not long since. The trouble about raising peanuts so far north as Nebraska, is that they are liable to be injured by the frosts.

J. S. T., Oakfield Centre, Mich.: Alfalfa will stand drouth better than other grasses. It thrives on dry, rich, sandy soil, producing three to four cuttings annually. It runs deeply in the ground, and in seasons of drouth, keeps green. It is a valuable grass seed for the South. Sow 8 to 10 lbs. per acre; costs 30c. per lb.; over 25 lbs., 25c. To be had of any seedsman. There is a question whether it would be well adapted to your vicinity.

Insects in Beans.

O. J. B., Napoleon, Ohio: The insects you speak about as being in the bean, gets there in a very simple manner. A small bug deposits its egg in the bean while growing. The egg develops a worm which works into the bean and lives fat. Next season when the beans are sown the insect developes into a bug. The affected beans are lighter than the others and most of them may be picked out. The best way to prevent injury to the bean, is to kill the bugs as they appear on the beans while growing.

Millet.

W. E. B., Cassopolis, Mich.: We believe the German, or golden, millet is, all things considered, the most favored millet by agriculturists. It may be had of any seedsman, costs about 30 cents per pound, post paid, or by express or freight, $1.75 to $2.00 per bushel. Sow three-fourths of a bushel to the acre. It is a great yielder, and is an excellent fodder crop. Cut before it gets entirely ripe for fodder. Sow broadcast from May 1 to August 1.

Symptoms of Disease.

R. C. S., Clarence, Mo.: As the farm department of the BLADE is confined within certain limits, in order that other fields of intelligence may be covered, when the disease of a horse is stated to us we give a remedy only, as to give symptoms would require considerable room. When a symptom alone is sent us, we endeavor to explain the disease. Your suggestion regarding the live stock markets is a good one.

Bunch on Horse's Leg.

L. E. H.: The bunch on your horses leg caused by a cut on a plow, and in which cold was taken, preventing it from properly healing, the bunch is oozing pus, needs vigorous treatment. It should be opened up with a sharp knife, in order to let out all the matter. After this has been done, poultice with warm bran or linseed meal, for at least twelve hours. After this take lint, wrap it loosely on a small stick, dip it in the following and wash the wound in all parts. Burnt alum, half an ounce; sugar of lead, once ounce; water, one pint.

Vine Pests.

Subscriber, Ft. Scott, Kas.: To rid melon vines of pests, pinch off the leaves where lice appear. To prevent the striped bug from doing injury, scatter tobacco dust or refuse stems on the hills. The striped beetle is a tough customer, as it lays its eggs on the stem of the vine at the ground, and the grubs attack the root. To kill them, apply strong tobacco water around the stem when the beetles appears. Repeat as soon as you see a leaf wilt.

Chicken Cholera.

E. J. B., Emory Gap, Tennessee. Logwood water is said to be good for chicken cholera. A good medicine is laudanum, tincture of capsicum, tincture of camphor, of each, the same quantity, say for 25 fowls there should be an ounce of each. Dilute with a pint of water and give each fowl, half a teaspoonful three times a day. As soon as a fowl is seen to have diarrhea, it should be removed from the other fowls.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dehorning Cattle.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I saw an article in the BLADE FARM from E. Reynolds, stating that he protested against dehorning cattle, and said that if they were not a necessary appendage, that God would not have put them there. Now I suppose for one moment that we let nature have its course, and see how we come out. Let our hair, beard, finger and toe nails have nature's course, let our male stock all run just as nature formed them. How would we come out? I had 89 head of cattle dehorned on the 7th day of last November, and every one did well. Some of them were gold cows, 4-year old steers, and down to calves three months old. Not one of them missed a feed, and my cows did not fail in their milk. I am now feeding 20 of the steers in a small lot. I feed them corn in a box twenty feet long and four feet wide, elevated about three feet. I throw in about 15 bushels of corn at a time, and these cattle have plenty of room around it, and eat until they are satisfied, then walk away; not one driven away, and then my dogs that run with the cattle are not employed and torn. I am highly in favor of dehorning. I can't see that the horns are any benefit only to fight with and I have lost considerable from the use of those appendages. I have been feeding from 40 to 80 head of horned cattle each winter, but do not expect to feed nor keep any more cattle on my farm wearing those appendages.

Some say it is cruel to dehorn. I will admit that they suffer pain for about two minutes, and then sore for perhaps two weeks, but I do not think it nearly so bad as castration. I consider it much more cruel to have 50 to 75 head of cattle in a yard fighting and goring each other all the time while nearly up or drinking, or any other time that they can corner one, than dehorning.—E. S. MILLER, Oxford, Kans.

Potate Culture.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am particularly interested in the farm department. With more than 40 years experience I will give your readers an infallible bug exterminator. First, select an eastern or northern slope, as the tuber does best on cool land. It should be manured the year previous with cow-stable manure, as horse-stable manure is too heating, so as to be free from grubs. Plow late in the fall; plant early rose or early Ohio. Cut two weeks before planting so they will wither to insure them against freezing if the ground would freeze after planting. Shovel and harrow thoroughly as soon as the frost is out and the ground sufficiently dry. Mark with marker 3 feet 6 inches, then cross with planter 2 feet. Plow 20 inches apart and put two sets in a hill; cover with the hoe shallow. When pointing up, plow with shovel plow; let stand a few days, then harrow. Plow five times. By strict adherence to this plan a crop can be raised before Mr. Potato Bug puts in an appearance as the vines are too old and tough to be palatable, and they will seek more congenial pasture.—GRANGER, Washington, Iowa.

Cranberries.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As the man that asks so many questions about cranberries does not give his name, it will be useless for any communication to him except through your office. I have a work before me that treats on this subject and will therefore give him the benefit of all the man that wrote it thought necessary to impart on this subject.

In preparing a plantation the surface must first be cleared of the wood, timber, or brush; then it must be "tufted"—that is, the surface soil and roots must be taken off with a hoe made for that purpose.

The next step is to ditch it, by cleaning out the main water course and digging side drains running into it—generally in deep bottom lands about one and a half or two rods apart, but the distance should be varid in accordance to the nature of the ground.

The flosts removed in turfing are used for leveling up low places where needed, so that the surface may be slightly rounded between side drains; they are also used for building the dam, which is constructed with two walls of floats, filled in with sand, a ditch having first been cut between them to the sand beneath; the solid filling makes it water tight.

After turfing and ditching, muck bottoms must be sanded from the depth of from four to six inches with fine sand without mixture of clay or loam, and it should be taken from a sufficient depth below the surface to avoid seeds. The sliex imparted from the sand to the vine stiffins it, materially promotes its productiveness, and tends also to prevent the growth of weeds. Many experiments have been made to ascertain the proper depths to which the sand should be applied; where little or none is used, the vines grow long and slender, and do not fruit to well as when sanded. While some have thought two inches sufficient, others have tried a thickness of twelve or more, and with good results—though with this amount the vines make a slower growth, on account of the length of time for the rootlets to reach the peat beneath, from which they draw their support. Most cultivators have concluded that from four to six inches, and resanding every few years with a layer of from one to two inches, is preferable to using a much larger quantity at first.

After sanding, the vines are set in rows about twenty inches apart, and but a moderate quantity of vine should used for each hill. This is the usual method, though the distance is often varied each day.

A gentleman, one of the original cultivators, from recent experiments has concluded that the vines should not be set over a foot apart, and that the additional cost of the vines, etc., will be more than paid for by earlier and larger crops, as well as by the matting of the vines in much less time than usual, which keeps down ths other vegetation, and saves labor and expense in cleaning.

Another has successfully adopted the method of layering the vines, or placing them in furrows in the sand, with which they are entirely covered to the depth of about one and a half inches. Vines grow finely by this method, but great care must be taken, to keep them moist. Wild vines have generally been prefered to cultivated ones for setting, from the fact that they appear to grow more vigorously at first, especially if the season is a very dry one.

Savanna land can be plowed and does not need sanding. This is a great saving of expense, but as large crops cannot be expected from bottom lands where it is possible, on land of this kind, the turf not needed for the dam should be plowed or dug under the sand, as it is often the richest part of the soil, and is well adapted to the growth of the plant.

Plantations should be well overflowed from December until May. The water fertilizes the vines, protects them from frost, and is the only known remedy for the vine worm, which is one of our worst enemies. It is thought that the water, where held on the vines until the 10th or 15th of May, destroys the eggs deposited on the leaves the previous year. Hence the advantage of not only late but of thorough overflowing as the portions not flowed often constitute a hatching ground for the worms, from which they spread to the adjoining grounds. Though it has been noticed that they apparently prefer not to go beyond the water line if they can find sufficient vines that have not been flowed.—J. C. D., Wakeney, Kan.

Seed Potatoes.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—M. F. Pierson asks why I discard the seed ends of potatoes in planting on old ground, and what benefit the straw is in raising smooth potatoes? Practice and many years of experimenting in farming have taught me that small eyes in the seed end of the potato are the weakest of them all. If Brother Farmer Parsons will cut his potatoes in two and plant the seed ends in one patch and the butt ends in another patch, he will find but end seeds will furnish much larger tubers than the seed end seeds, not as many in number but about the same in bulk. In our fryable clay land we are troubled with earth worms and the brown cut worm, more particularly the earth worm (angle worm). They never work in straw, but always in the earth, therefore the straw protects the tubers from being scabby. The salt thrown on the straw drives back the cut worms. On new turned sod those worms are few in number. In the great potato raising counties north of here, Waushara, Waupaco, Adams, and others, where potatoes are the main crop, the seed ends are invariably, as I am informed, discarded.—E. REYNOLDS, Metowen, Wis.

Crawfish.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of your correspondents please tell me how to fix my spring so that the crawfish will not drain off the water? They prevent the water from running into the spring house by digging holes and letting the water out through the ground. Any information he will stop their work will be thankfully received.—*, Hiawatha, Kan.

Lice on Cattle—Hog Cholera.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Here is something that will kill lice on cattle and horses: Wash with water that potatos have been boiled in. It will have to be done several times.

We use this for the prevention of hog cholera in this neighborhood: Black antimony, copperas, black pepper, sulphur, golden seal, equal parts, fed in slop. Give a tablespoonful to each hog, no so much to pigs.—E. K. BROSIUS, Weigand, Neb.

Garget-Heaves.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A good remedy for cows giving bloody milk, is: Take a piece of poke root about three inches long and one-half inch in diameter. Chop up pretty fine and give in bran three or four times a week. Never known it to fail.

For heaves in horses take this: Soft brick pulverized fine; give about two teaspoonfuls ever two or three days. If bad, give one pint of oats or bran. These remedies are good. I have given them.—INDIANA BOY, 17 years old. What do you think of these for a boy of my age? [We know the remedy for garget is good; the other we have never seen tried.—ED.]

Butchering Hogs—Egg Eating.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—R. W., Minneapolis, Minnesota: To butcher hogs, have them well fattened, then make a strong box six feet long, two feet wide by 18 inches deep. Fill this half full with cold water; heat some old irons or stones on a small log heap; drop these in the water until it is hot. Keep a blanket over the top to prevent the steam from escaping. Place an old sled beside the box or trough. This will make a good platform to work on. Now lay a rope across the box, roll in Mr. Hog and change ends with your rope, rolling or turning him by pulling on the rope. Move him lively until the hair slips easily; then with a smart pull you have him on your platform much easier than with the old scalding barrel.

A. D. W.: Give your hens fresh meat scraps from a butchershop and fresh beef bones crushed fine by pounding, if you have no mill. Hang a head of fresh cabbage where they can pick at it. Green onions are also good; this will increase the number of eggs and stop their eating them.—F. D. H., Canon City, Colo.

Binding Corn Fodder.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As there is always room for another, may I suggest an improvement to the method of George A. Shrigby for binding corn fodder. Let him, and all others who can justly prize well cured corn fodder, and who have spent hours, as I have in getting basswood bark or willow twigs when the stalks were too dry to use for band, take lath, waste siding, or whatever is most convenient to work up into sticks one-half inch in diameter and about two inches long. Cut binding wool or tarred twine into lengths suited to the size you wish your bundle. Tie one end of these strings to the center of one of these sticks, and you have a band par excellent. The user of this will readily understand how to fasten it in a bow-knot, thus permitting their easy removal, and keeping for future use.

E. L. C.'s method of breaking a heifer to milk seems a good one, though I had never before heard of it, I have practiced getting acquainted with my heifer calves when yet young. Carding and breaking to lead, and handling them as cows, and find, when they become, cows, no trouble to set down to milk the first time; I now have two cows treated in this, that took milking as a matter of course, offering no objection at all. They had been educated to it long before they were mothers. I also "break" my colts while yet with their mothers. They are furnished with a genuine halter, and when the mother is put in thills, the the colt is tied beside her. This saves the the trouble from wandering away of the colt, and very soon learns it to lead and consider its proper place as beside another horse. Gradually get the colt used to harness, by putting on piece after upon it, till at the age of six months, more or less, he will have learned that no harm can come to him from that source, and will have also learned to go in harness beside the mother. This gradual adding to his harness knowledge, and when the thills himself will take all as a matter of course, and attend strictly to business. I have a family horse reared in this manner, giving her a name while quite young, and always addressing her by that name, and treating her as one of the family. She has always had kind treatment, and seems willing to do her level best to please. When in the field and I call, "Gyp! Gyp! come here!" she very seldom fails to come, as she expects something good from my hand. We give names to our cows, and cats as well, and address them only by their names, and imagine a better feeling exists on account of it.

I heartily endorse the idea of Chauncey M. Depew, under head of "Sound Reading for American Scholars," and hope there may be a few who believe with me, that early education of cows and horses, and their kind treatment for one or two generations would show a marked improvement in their disposition and intelligence.—J. W. S., St. Louis, Mich.

Farming in the West.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am a young farmer who lives in a part of what was once the "great American desert," and a constant reader of the good old BLADE; and I thought I might write something of interest to some of the readers of the BLADE in the East, as our methods of farming are somewhat different.

One soon finds out by experience that it does not pay to go by the methods of some Eastern papers, as we farm on so much bigger scale. One man tends from 90 to 120 acres of land. Corn, oats, flax and potatoes are the principal crops of this section of the desert. The farmers here usually plant 40 to 60 acres of corn to the man. As three or four plowings are sufficient to secure a good crop of corn, they are enabled to tend far more than they can in the East.—YOUNG GRANGER, New York County, Nebraska.

More About Dehorning.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Noticing the improvement and vast importance of the Farm department of the BLADE, I take the liberty of submitting a few lines. I noticed that E. Reynolds protests against deborning cattle. There are several farmers in this vicinity who have dehorned all their cattle and they are all well satisfied with the result. It makes them more friendly and peacable, thereby saving shed room. It saves feed, as cattle living quietly together under a warm shed will need less feed than where part of them are kept out by the unruly ones. It nearly obliterates the personal danger of those who take care of cattle, and makes it safe for cattle and horses to be together in the same yard.

As to the work going against nature: If it adds to the safety and happiness of men, and makes the cattle more kind, gentle and better contented, it is an act of humanity, and one of which God would approve. Although I am of the opinion that ugly and ferocious bulls are often made so by ill-treatment, yet I think if Mr. R. was empty-handed in the middle of a 40-acre field, with one of these horned quadrupeds aft r him, he would not take him long to be converted on this subject.

I will, by your permission, ask a few questions, hoping the answers will not only be beneficial to myself, but may be of interest and profit to the many farmer readers, whom I doubt not take a good deal of interest in this department:

1. What kind of feed is the best to give a horse to get him in good condition for spring work? Is ground feed preferable?

2. We have a mare coming 4 years old, that has rubbed off part of her tail. Is there any way to make it grow out again as heavy as it formerly was?

3. What is the best thing to put on a cow's teat when it has been frozen?—T. S., Princeton, Ill.

Potatoes in the West.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—To those interested in the culture of potatoes in the West I will give my experience. Planting on new breaking, if a sod plow is used in every third furrow, shift the clevis so your plow will run in the bottom of the last furrow plowed, letting the dirt loosened remain in the furrow. Turn the next sod on the loosened furrow, and you will have your potatoes where they will not suffer from drouth or require cultivating.—D. W. WINN, Logan County, Col.

Received.

Garden and Forest, a journal of horticulture, landscape art and forestry, volume 1, No. 1., published monthly by the Garden and Forest Publishing company (limited), Tribune building, New York. Conducted by Prof. C. S. Sargent. The first number has a variety of reading that will prove interesting and profitable. It is printed on the best of paper and the illustrations are excellent. Such a publication deserves large support. The price, in advance, is $4 per year.

Bulletin of the 43d annual session of the Ohio Agriculture convention held in the Senate Chamber, Columbus, O., Wednesday, January 11, 1888, together with the proceedings of the second annual Central Institute, held in the City Hall, January 10 and 12. The address of President Pow, of the State Board, is compact, and conveys a large amount of information. The papers read at the annual institute and the discussion that followed are very valuable. The questions of dairies and silos received attention, and more interesting reading could not well be found.

Spring 1888, James B. Wild & Bro's. wholesale and retail price list of western grown nursery stock. It has a full list of trees of various kinds. The illustration of Tea's weeping Russian Mulberry, in green, yellow and dark colors is very pretty. The address is Sarcoxie, Missouri.

Smith's Seed catalogue, 1888. W. M. H. Smith, seedsman, 1018 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa. This catalogue has 104 pages and embraces all the standard varieties of seeds as well as many novelties. Illustrated.

DR. TALMAGE AT FORT SCOTT.

A Sermon on "The Decoration of the Soul"—It Matters Not How Poor We are if We but Wear on Our Hand the Ring of Christ's Adoption.

FORT SCOTT, Kan., March 18.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, preached here this evening to a crowded congregation. He took for his subject "The Decoration of the Soul," and his text was Luke xv, 22: "Put a ring on his hand." He said:

I will not rehearse the familiar story of the fast young man of the parable. You know what a splendid home he left. You know what a hard time he had. And you remember how, after that season of vagabondage and prodigality, he resolved to go and weep out his sorrows on the bosom of parental forgiveness. Well, there is great excitement one day in front of the door of the old farm-house. The servants come running up and say: "What's the matter? What is the matter?" But before they quite arrive the old man cries out: "Put a ring on his hand!" What a seeming absurdity! What can such a wretched mendicant as this fellow that is tramping on toward the house want with a ring? Oh, he is the prodigal son. No more tending of the swine trough. No more longing for the pods of the carob tree. No more blistered feet. Off with the rags! On with the robe! Out with the ring! Even so does God receive every one of us when we come back. There are gold rings, and pearl rings, and carnelian rings, and diamond rings; but the richest ring that ever flashed on the vision is that which our father puts upon a forgiven soul.

I know the impression is abroad among some people that religion bemeans and belittles a man; that it takes all the sparkle out of his soul; that he has to exchange a roystering independence for an ecclesiastical strait jacket. Not so. When a man becomes a Christian he does not go down, he starts upward. Religion multiplies one by ten thousand. Nay, the multiplicity is infinite. It is not a halting quiz—it is a polishing, it is an aborescence, it is an efflorescence, it is an irradiation. When a man comes into the kingdom of God he is not sent into a menial service, but the Lord God Almighty from the palaces of heaven calls upon the messenger angels that wait upon the throne to fly and "put a ring on his hand." In Christ are the largest liberty, the brightest joy, and highest honor, and richest adornment. "Put a ring on his hand."

I remark, in the first place, that when Christ receives a soul into his love he put upon him the ring of adoption. In my church in Philadelphia there came the representative of a benevolent society in New York. He brought with him eight or ten children of the street, that he had picked up and he was trying to find for them Christian homes; and as the little ones stood on the pulpit and sung, our hearts melted within us. At the close of the services a great hearted wealthy man came up and said: "I'll take this little bright eyed girl, and I'll adopt her as one of my own children," and he took her by the hand, lifted her into his carriage and went away.

The next day, while we were in the church gathering up garments for the poor of New York, this little child came back with a bundle under her arm, and she said: "There's my old dress; perhaps some of the poor children would like to have it," while she herself was in bright and beautiful array, and those who more immediately examined her said she had a ring on her hand. It was a ring of adoption.

There are a great many persons who pride themselves on their ancestry, and they glory over the royal blood that pours through their arteries. In their line there was a lord, or a duke, or a prime minister, or a king. But when the Lord, our father, puts upon us the ring of adoption, we become the children of the ruler of all nations. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It matters not how poor our garments may be in this world, or how scant our bread, or how mean the hut we live in, if we have the ring of Christ's adoption upon our hand we are assured of eternal defense.

Adopt! Why, then, we are brothers and sisters to all the good of earth and heaven. We have the family name, the family dress, the family keys, the family wardrobe. The father looks after us, robes us, defends us, blesses us. We have royal blood in our veins, and there are crowns in our line. If we are his children, then princes and princesses. It is only a question of time when we get our coronet. Adopted! Then we have the family secrets. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Adopted! Then we have the family inheritance, and in the day when our father shall divide the riches of heaven, we shall take our share of the mansions and palaces and temples. Henceforth let us boast no more of an earthly ancestry. The insignia of eternal glory is our coat of arms. This ring of adoption puts upon us all honor and all privilege. Now we can take the words of Charles Wesley, that prince of hymn-makers, and sing:

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth, are one.

I have been told that when any of the members of any of the great secret societies of this country are in a distant city and are in any kind of trouble, and are set upon by enemies, they have only to give a certain signal and the members of that organization will flock around for defense. And when any man belongs to this great Christian brotherhood, if he gets into trouble, or in trial, in persecution, in temptation, he has only to show this ring of Christ's adoption, and all the armed cohorts of heaven will come to his rescue.

Still further, when Christ takes a soul into his love he puts upon it a marriage ring. Now, that is not a whim of mine: "And I will betroth thee unto me forever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercies." At the wedding altar the bridegroom puts a ring upon the hand of the bride, signifying love and faithfulness. Trouble may come upon the household, and the carpets may go, the pictures may go, the piano may go, everything else may go—the last thing that goes is the marriage ring, for it is considered sacred. In the burial hour it is withdrawn from the hand and kept in a casket, and sometimes the box is opened on an anniversary day, and as you look at that ring you see under its arch a long procession of precious memories. Within the golden circle of that ring there is room for a thousand sweet recollections to revolve, and you think of the great contrast between the bonny bride, at the close of the "Wedding March," under the flashing lights and amid the aroma of orange blossoms, you set that ring on the round finger of the plump hand, and that hour when, at the close of the exhaustive watching, when you knew that the soul had fled, you took from the hand, which gave no responsive clasp, from that emaciated finger the ring that she had worn so long and worn so well.

On some anniversary day you take up that ring, and you repolish it until all the old luster comes back, and you can see in it the flash of eyes that long ceased to weep. Oh, it is not an unmeaning thing when I tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his keeping he puts on it a marriage ring. He endows you from that moment with all his wealth. You are one-Christ and the universe one in sympathy, one inaffection, one in hope.

There is no power in earth or hell to effect a divorcement after Christ and the soul are united. Other kings have turned out their companions when they got weary of them, and sent them adrift. Ahasuerus the great banished Vashti; Napoleon for sook Josephine; but Christ is the husband that is true forever. Having loved you once, he loves you to the end. Did they not try to divorce Margaret, the Scotch girl, from Jesus? They said: "You must give up your religion." She said: "I can't give up my religion." And so they took her out on the beach of the sea, and they drove in a stake at low water mark, and they fastened her to it, expecting that as the tide came up her strength would fail. The tide began to rise, and came up higher, and to the girdle, and to the lip, and in the last moment, just as the wave was washing her soul into glory, she shouted the praises of Jesus.

Oh, no, they cannot separate a soul from Christ. It is an everlasting marriage. Battle, and storm, and darkness cannot do it. Is it too much exultation for a man, who is but dust and ashes like myself, to cry out to-day: "I am persuaded that neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor life, nor death, nor nature shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, my Lord?" Glory be to God that when Christ and the soul are married they are bound by a chain, a golden chain—if I might say so—a chain with one link, and that one link the golden ring of God's everlasting love.

I go a step further, and tell you that when Christ receives a soul into his love he puts on him the ring of festivity. You know that it has been the custom in all ages to bestow rings on very happy occasions. There is nothing more appropriate for a birthday gift than a ring. You delight to bestow such a gift upon your children at such a time. It means joy, hilarity, festivity. Well, when this old man of the text wanted to tell how glad he was that his boy had got back, he expressed it in this way. Actually, before he ordered sandals to be put on his bare feet, before he ordered the fatted calf to be killed to appease the boy's hunger, he commanded: "Put a ring on his hand."

Oh, it is a merry time when Christ and the soul are united! Joy of forgiveness! What a splendid thing it is to feel that all is right between me and God. What a glorious thing it is to have God just take up the sins of my life and put them in one bundle, and then fling them into the depths of the sea, never to rise again, never to be talked of again. Pollution all gone. Darkness all illumined. God reconciled. The prodigal home. "Put a ring on his hand."

Every day I find happy Christian people. I find some of them with no second coat, some of them in huts and tenement houses, not one earthly comfort afforded them; and yet they are as happy as happy can be. They sing "Rock of Ages" as no other people in the world sing it. They never wore any jewelry in their life but one gold ring, and that was the ring of God's undying affection. Oh, how happy religion makes us! Did it make you gloomy and sad? Did you go with your head cast down? I do not think you get religion, my brother. That is not the effect of religion. True religion is joy. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Why, religion lightens all our burdens. It smooths all our way. It interprets all our sorrows. It changes the jar of earthly discord for the peal of festal bells. In front of the flaming furnace of trial it sets the forge on which scepters are hammered out. Would you not like to-day to come up from the swine feeding and try this religion? All the joys of heaven would come out and meet you, and God would cry from the throne: "Put a ring on his hand."

You are not happy. I see it. There is no peace, and sometimes you laugh when you feel a great deal more like crying. There is no rest, as a chest. It first wears you down with its follies, then it kicks you out into darkness. It comes back from the massacre of a million souls to attempt the destruction of your own soul to-day. No peace out of God, but here is the fountain that can slake the thirst. Here is the harbor where you can drop safe anchorage.

Would you not like, I ask you—not perfunctorily, but as one brother might talk to another—would you not like to have a pillow of rest to put your head on? And would you not like, when you retire at night, to feel that all is well, whether you wake up to-morrow morning at 6 o'clock, or sleep the sleep that knows no waking? Would you not like to exchange this awful uncertainty about the future for a glorious assurance of heaven? Accept of the Lord Jesus to-day, and all is well. If on your way home some peril should cross the street and dash your life out, it would not hurt you. You would rise up immediately. You would stand in the celestial streets. You would be amid the great throng that forever worship and are forever happy. If this day some sudden disease should come upon you it would not frighten you. If you knew you were going you could give a calm farewell to your beautiful home on earth, and know that you are going right into the companionship of those who have already got beyond the toiling and the weeping.

You feel on Saturday night different from the way you feel any other night of the week. You come home from the bank, or the store, or the shop, and you say: "Well, now, my week's work is done, and to-morrow is Sunday." It is a pleasant thought. There is refreshment and reconstruction in the very idea. Oh, how pleasant it will be if, when we get through the day of our life, and we go and lie down in our bed of dust, we can realize: "Well, now, the work is all done, and to-morrow is Sunday, an everlasting Sunday."

Oh, when, thou city of my God
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

There are people in this house to-day who are very near the eternal world. If you are Christians, I bid you be of good cheer. Bear with you our congratulations to the bright city. Aged men, who will soon be gone, take with you our love for our kindred in the better land, and when you see them tell them that we are soon coming. Only a few more sermons to preach and hear. Only a few more heartaches. Only a few more toils. Only a few more tears. And then, what an entrancing spectacle will be open before us!

Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels all in white,
Beautiful anthems that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir;
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.

I approach you now with a general invitation, not picking out here and there a man, nor here and there a woman, nor here and there a child; but giving you an unlimited invitation, saying: "Come, for all things are now ready." We invite you to the warm heart of Christ and the inclosure of the Christian church. I know a great many think that the church does not amount to much; that it is obsolete; that it did its work and is gone now, so far as all usefulness is concerned. It is the happiest place I have ever been in, except my own home.

I know there are some people who say they are Christians who seem to get along without any help from others, and who culture solitary piety. They do not want any ordinances. I do not belong to that class. I cannot get along without them. There are so many things in this world that take my attention from God, and Christ, and heaven, that I want all the helps of all the symbols and of all the Christian associations; and I want around about me a solid phalanx of men who love God and keep his commandments. Are there any here who would like to enter into that association? Then by a simple, child-like faith, apply for membership in the visible church, and you will be received. No questions asked about your past history or present surroundings. Only one test—do you love Jesus?

Baptism does not amount to anything, say a great many people; but the Lord Jesus declared: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," putting baptism and faith side by side. And an apostle declares: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." I do not stickle for any particular mode of baptism, but I put great emphasis on the fact that you ought to be baptized. Yet no more emphasis than the Lord Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, puts upon it.

The world is going to, after a while, lose a great many of its votaries. There are to be terrific crashes of empires that will shake the earth. We give you warning. There is a great host coming in to stand under the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ. Will you be among them? Will you be among the gathered sheaves?

Some of you have been thinking on this subject year after year. You have found out that life is a pearl of great price. You want to be Christians. You have come almost into the kingdom of God; but there you stop, forgetful of the fact that to be almost saved is not to be saved at all. Oh, my brother, after having come so near to the door of mercy, if you turn back, you will never get across. After you have heard of the goodness of God, if you turn away and die, it will not be because you did not have a good offer.

God's spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve
May never hear his voice again.

May God Almighty this hour move upon your soul and bring you back from the house of the Prodigal's wickedness to the Father's house, and set you at the banquet, and "put a ring on you hand."

Happiness

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a singgish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

SAFE ROBBERS.

A Safe Blown in Sparta, Ill., and $2,500 in Currency Stolen.

SPARTA, Ill. March 16.—The banking house of J. J. Borden & Son, Main street, was raided by burglars early yesterday morning and $2,500 taken from the safe. There were at least two robbers, and they gained an entrance to the bank building by forcing a window. The safe was then attacked and blown open with dynamite, blankets being used to deaden the noise. The force of the explosion wrecked the safe. The money taken was all in currency. The bank officers offer a reward of $1,000 for their arrest.

To Nervous Men.

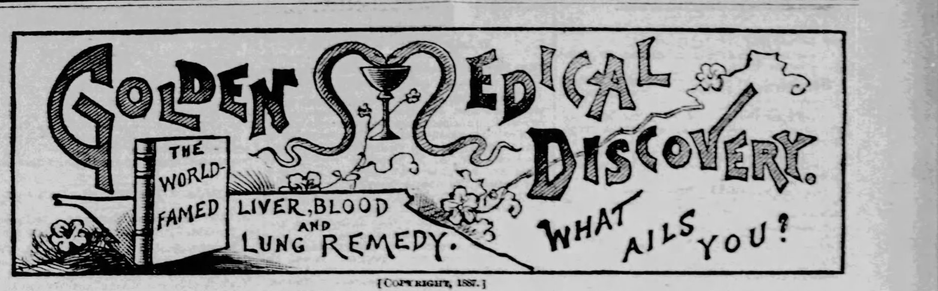
If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effect upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Northwestern Millers.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 15.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: Dert of 16 mills running last week 11 showed a decrease in the output, the product falling off 15,000 barrels. The week's production was 113,600 barrels, averaging 18,933 barrels daily, against 128,100 barrels last week and 79,000 barrels for the corresponding time in 1887.

Since Monday the water mills have been seriously hindered by low water and ice. Fifteen mills are in operation with another to start to-morrow. Eight of the number are using steam. There was a good demand for flour during the closing half of last week. Ocean freights are declining so that millers are able to sell freely for export at fairly satisfactory prices.



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Are You Sick?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. DAVID G. LOWE, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. MOLLIE E. TAILOR, of *Carmelton, Ind.*, writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

LIVER DISEASE. Dyspepsia.—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHAW, of *Sidney, Ohio*, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so, I gave him Dr. Pierce's Pellets and they saved his life. We have also used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can also recommend it very highly."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines.

SICK HEADACHE. A. B. WEAVER, Esq., of *886 Bowen Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.*, writes: "Having used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family, I desire to testify to the great relief afforded by it in cases of sick headache. As a children

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The California Republican State convention will be held May 1.

Wyoming territory has instructed its delegates for Cleveland.

The city of Duluth was considerably shaken up by the explosion of 100 pounds of dynamite. No one was injured.

The Reading strike has been formally declared off by a convention of the Reading engineers at Philadelphia.

A republican conspiracy has been discovered in Valencia, Spain. Several persons have been arrested at Jativa and Alicante.

The charge against Dr. Bedell of poisoning his wife at Vincennes, Ind., has been disproved after a post-mortem examination.

The Thirteenth congressional district of Ohio has instructed its two delegates to the Republican National convention for Sherman.

A trust has been organized at St. Louis called the Hominy Millers' association. It will control the output of cornmeal, hominy, and grits.

Sir George Chetwynd, in his suit against Lord Durham for libel in connection with the recent turf scandals, pleads his damages at £20,000

Gov. Oglesby has designated Friday, April 13, as Arbor day, a new legal holiday in Illinois, on whice tree-planting will be in order.

The appropriation for lake improvements, as prepared by the house committee on commerce, includes $5,200 for a fog-signal on the Chicago breakwater.

The inter-state commerce commission will hold a session at Lincoln, Neb., March 21, to investigate charges of discrimination made by merchants of that city.

The secretary of the treasury estimates that 99 employes will be necessary to transact the work of the custom-house at Chicago, and their salaries will aggregate $132,380.

The Missouri Democratic state convention committee met in St. Louis and decided to call three state conventions as follows: The first for the selection of delegates to the national convention at Sedalia, May 17; the second for the nomination of a judge of Supreme court, three judges of the court of Appeals, at Springfield August 15; the third for the nomination of state officers at Jefferson City August 22.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review of Business for the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, March 17.—R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade, say: The paralysis of business here, the stoppage of communication and mails throughout the eastern states, and the costly conditions under which the scanty business of the past two days has been transacted, make statistical comparisons for the moment of no value. It would not be far from right to reckon on the entire week's business as lost throughout the region affected by the unprecedented storm. Under the circumstances it is of no service as an indication of the future to know that exchanges are small, railroad traffic light, exports below those of the corresponding week last year and local prices rising because of the temporary scarcity of certain articles. As yet business at the various exchanges has not been so far resumed that quotations have much value. Prices have yielded 1¾c for wheat and 1c for corn.

In other markets few changes of importance are noted, though the complaint of dullness becomes general. Coffee is nominally 13c to 13½c for spot, against 14¼c last week, while oil has advanced 2c.

The reports received from interior points show a continuance of trade deemed fair for the season at most cities, with slight improvement at two or three, but with complaint of unsatisfactory trade of as many. At Minneapolis heavy loss by fire are not expected to affect business generally, and at Detroit it is observed that dealers in lower Michigan find collections from farmers unsatisfactory, and the output of goods is not large. At Cleveland there is some closeness in money and slowness in collections. But the general tenor of reports does not indicate scarcity of money in the interior, or unusual delay in settlements.

The business failures during the last seven days number for the United States 202, for Canada 26, total 228, compared with 253 last week and 282 for the corresponding week in 1887.

THE CROPS.

The Condition of Winter Wheat Reported to be Unsatisfactory.

CHICAGO, March 19.—The *Farm vs' Review* this week will publish the following crop summary: The condition of the winter wheat crop at this time is very far from satisfactory, though it is yet too early to determine the full injury to the crop. For some time past the fields in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and southern Michigan have been bare of snow and subjected to repeated freezing and thawing and the same conditions still exist and may for some time to come. These can but be injurious to the plant, though the full extent of the injury cannot be determined till the weather becomes settled and the growing season opens.

In Wisconsin and Northern Michigan the fields are still protected by snow and are presumably taking no injury. In Kansas alone conditions are reported fairly good, the plant having suffered very little injury from the winter, and under favorable weather conditions, is now beginning to grow.

Averaging the reports of about 1,000 correspondents on the present condition, as compared with average years, we have the following percentages of condition by states at this time: Ohio, 71½ per cent.; Indiana, 75; Illinois, 82; Missouri, 89; Kansas, 99; Kentucky, 75; Wisconsin, 93; Michigan, 77.

AFFAIRS IN MANITOBA.

Premier Greenway is Firm and There is Little Prospect of an Amicable Settlement With the Dominion Government.

WINNIPEG, Mana., March 14.—The outlook for a peaceable settlement of the difficulties between this province and the Dominion government is bad. Premier Greenway was asked to go to Ottawa to discuss the question with Sir John McDonald, with a view of arranging a satisfactory conclusion.

Greenway has been given but one audience with the government and nothing came of that.

The Ottawa *Citizen*, the conservative organ at the capital, has printed a series of articles assailing the Manitobans, and accusing them of being desirous of breaking up the confederation by diverting the northwest trade to American channels.

The Canadian Pacific company has, it is said, notified the government that unless their monopoly is protected they will abandon their main line north of Lake Superior from Sudbury to Port Arthur and make Boston in place of St. Johns their winter port.

It is said here that Greenway has given his ultimatum to the Dominion government. In it, it is said he stated that he intended to return home Friday whether the Dominion government made any propositions or not.

Mr. Leacock, chairman of the conservative caucus has telegraphed to Ottawa that the editorial in the *Citizen* has excited a dangerous feeling there. He fears it will urge the people to disastrous action.

LESLIE M'CUNE.

The Exciting Life of the Ten-Year Old Daughter of Wealthy Parents.

IRONTON, O., March 14.—Little Leslie McCune, who was abducted from her home in New York, will arrive here to-day. She is in the hands of members of her deceased father's family, and will be brought here to be placed in the custody of her guardian and live at her old home with her grandmother, from whom she was stolen six weeks ago by her mother and aunt who caught her on her way from school and bore her screaming away.

The poor child has had an exciting career. She is ten years old, and the present instance is the fourth time she has been abducted. Dr. Deen, her guardian, says she is overjoyed to be restored to the friends now in charge of her. Legal proceedings are expected and the trouble is not yet over.

OSCODA COUNTY "DRY."

Thirty-four Have Voted "Dry" and Two "Wet."

MIO, March 16.—Oscoda county goes "dry" by 55 majority.

This probably closes the local prohibition elections for the year. Thirty six counties have voted 34 of them "dry" and two, Washtenaw and Iosco, "wet." Prohibition will go into force in the 34 "dry" counties May 1, and continue for three years.

The Noted Indian Missionary Drowned.

VICTORIA, B. C., March 14.—Intelligence has been received here of the drowning in the Skirna river, Alaska, on February 30, of Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Mrs. R. Cunningham and two Indians.

Further particulars are not yet obtainable, but it is thought here that the Rev. Mr. Sheldon referred to is Rev. Sheldon Jackson, the noted Indian missionary, who is in charge of the Indian schools of Alaska under the direction of the government.

$7,000,000 Lost in New York.

NEW YORK, March 14.—An afternoon paper's estimate of the business loss, contingent loss and actual pecuniary outlay which the storm will occasion in New York City at not less than $7,000,000. The loss to all the states involved is $20,000,000.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

WARM TIMES AHEAD.

The Republicans Ready to Tear Mr. Mills's Bill to Pieces.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—(Special.)—So much feeling has been engendered between Republican and Democratic members of the committee on Ways and Means that much friction is anticipated from this time on. Mr. A. N. Reed, a Republican member, declares that there is no tariff bill before the committee, but a kind of "Thing made with tools." He intimates that Republicans will tear the bill to pieces when it comes before the House, and will refuse to support it in any form.

Republicans expect to present their bill within three or four weeks. It will be short and simple.

Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, Democratic member of the Ways and Means committee, declares that there will be no Western Republican or Democrat who will support Randall's bill on account of its reduction on whisky, high tariff on wools and sugar and other necessaries of life.

It has been intimated that the majority of this committee on ways and means destroyed the journal kept by the committee in the forty-seventh congress which made the present tariff laws to cover up the record the Republicans made in giving a hearing to the people and taking an entirely different course from that pursued by the present committee in refusing hearings and the right of petition by the people.

The Ways and Means committee to day began the formal consideration of the Mills tariff and revenue bill, the entire document being read to the committee by the clerk. No amendments were offered, for the reason that they will not be in order until the consideration of the bill by paragraphs, which will begin to-morrow, and be continued from day to day until completed.

After adjournment, but while most of the members were still present there was a sharp fight between Messrs. Scott and Reed. Mr. Scott emphatically expressed his opinion to the effect that the tariff protected and stimulated trusts and called special attention to the alleged steel beam trust as a case in point.

MONEY BY THE BARREL.

The gold, silver, United States and National bank notes in the Treasury to-day amounts to $670,384,204; certificates outstanding: gold, $94,208,691; silver, $186,171,741; currency, $10,265. Internal revenue receipts to-day were $130,016; customs, $225,031.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

Can the Democrats Defeat Cleveland's Nomination—Who for Vice?

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The Democrats are in a state of mind over their task of selecting a candidate for the Vice Presidency. There are no fewer than a dozen avowed candidates, and out of the dozen there are perhaps six who have claims that will be seriously considered. The assumption now is that Cleveland will be renominated for the first place on the Presidential ticket.

The claims are, of course, that Cleveland will be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency, but the positive opposition to him is growing every day, and the enthusiasm in his behalf is noticeably cooling. The faction of the Democratic party in New York that is fighting the President is becoming more fierce and bold each day.

The New York *Sun*, on Sunday last, printed the whole of Senator Ingalls's speech for the sake of having another opportunity to present in a forceful way that bitter characterization of President Cleveland which the Kansas Senator made, and which is as follows:

"The nomination and election of Grover Cleveland have made the pretensions of any American citizen to the Presidency respectable. There is no man in this country whose ignorance is so profound, whose obscurity is so impenetrable and whose antecedents are so degraded that he may not justifiably aspire to a Presidential nomination by the Democratic party."

The Democratic foes of the administration in New York state are looking for a man about whom they can rally in an efficient way the elements of the party that are hostile to Cleveland. There are several men who like the notoriety that is derived from association in the public mind and prints with the Presidential nomination and believe like Hill of New York, would make fairly good candidates, but both of these men have strong antagonisms to combat, and it is doubtful whether they could develop the strength necessary to carry New York state, if the administration was not friendly to them, and it surely would not be if Cleveland was defeated for the nomination to injury of them.

I am told there is a new Presidential boom being worked up in a very quiet but very strong and determined way. This new movement is in the interest of a person of no less prominence and importance than William C. Whitney, secretary of the Navy, and the smartest and most unscrupulous politician in the cabinet.

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT.

The River and Harbor Bill to be Much More Liberal this Year than in the Past.

WASHINGTON, March 17.—The River and Harbor committee of the House have been hard at work for a week or more, holding sessions nearly every day, and will probably have their bill completed and ready to report in a few days. Unusual secrecy has been observed in the proceedings of the committee. At other sessions the members were quite ready at all times to divulge the items of the bills as they were decided upon, but the sessions of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee have hardly been more truly of the star chamber order than those of the River and Harbor committee this year.

There is no refusal to hear members of Congress or delegations, but the committee does not give out, even to members, the figures decided up for any improvement, in accordance with a resolution adopted imposing rigid secrecy on every member of the committee. This is excused by the members on account of the fact that as figures become known, the committee is harrassed by Congressmen and delegations who demand an increase of appropriations.

It can be stated, however, that as the present bill now stands the aggregate of appropsiations would reach something like $50,000,000. To cut this down to about $18,000,000 is the herculean task with which the members are now struggling.

The whole country has been divided into sections, and these sections are attached to sub-committees for the arrangements of statement. Each sub-committee, of course, is influenced by members who are especially interested in the improvements in their sections, and naturally these members contend for the highest appropriations obtainable. Therefore, the paring process is very tedious and vexatious.

In so far as that region is concerned, of which Pittsburg is the metropolis, it is pretty well ascertained that the appropriation, as reported to the House, will be liberal. Almost undoubtedly it will contain a sum slightly in advance of $2,000,000 for the purchase of the works of the Monongahela river Navigation company.

Careful inquiry shows quite satisfactorily that a majority of the committee favor the purchase, and it is probably that a great majority of the House will support the bill as it comes from the committee, for as the appropriations for public buildings are supported, for the reason that if one is slaughtered it raises up an element to fight the others to death. On account of the failure of the river and harbor bill of the last Congress to become a law, the appropriations will, generally speaking be larger than was contemplated in that bill.

THE TELEPHONE CASES.

The Supreme Court Decides in Favor of Mr. Bell.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 19.—(Special.)—The opinion of the Supreme court in the telephone cases, as far as it has been read by Justice Blatchford seems to indicate that that the patent of Mr. Bell will be sustained as a patent for a process and for an apparatus.

In considering the question of the alleged anticipation of Bell's invention by the telephone of Reis, in Germany, the court holds that Reis discovered a means of transmitting musical tones and nothing more. Bell's patent being for the process of the art of transmitting speech would have been just as valid, even if he had used the apparatus of Reis in developing it.

The court holds that the apparatus of Reis was not successful in transmitting speech and that his invention was not, in any respect, an anticipation of the discovery which was made by Bell. All the points thus far considered, in the court's opinion, in the telephone cases, have been decided in favor of Mr. Bell, including the points set up in the claims of Reis, Vanderweyde and McDonough.

Later—The court holds that the force of the testimony showing that Dawbough had telephones in use before the invention of Mr. Bell is completely broken by his own conduct, and the indifference which he manifested with regard to his alleged invention until years after Bell's telephones were known to the whole world.

The Drawbough claim is declared to be unsustained.

The decision of the court has been announced and is in favor of the Bell telephone on all points and in all cases.

BELL WILL SUE OUT INJUNCTIONS.

There were a large number of telephone attorneys in the United States Supreme court room when the decision was this afternoon delivered, sustaining Mr. Bell's patents, and they agree that this will put a quietus to telephone agitation till the life of the Bell's patents expires in 1893.

It is said the Bell company will now enter suit to restrain the use of all instruments not made under their patent and in use.

WON'T INSURE CLEVELAND.

A Life Insurance Company Rejects the President's Application for a Policy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 14.—President Cleveland's application for a life policy has been rejected by a leading New York company. The exact reason has not been made public. About all that can be learned is that the President wished to take out a $50,000 policy, and entered into negotiations with the agent here. The medical examiner put the distinguished applicant through the usual searching ordeal, and reported that he could not recommend the risk. The agent therefore declined to insure the President. The medical examiner declines to say in what way the President is of unsound health.

FREE WOOL KILLED IT.

Gen. Brown's Opinion on the Coming Tariff Bills.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—(Special.)—Gen. Brown, of Indiana, Republican member of the committee on Ways and Means, said this afternoon that the Administration tariff bill would not be reported to the House before Friday. "All the Republicans will next week," said he, "join in a report against the bill. What we will do in the way of a bill may not be known till some time after the discussion of the Mills' bill. We want to see what the general sentiment of the House is before we act in preparing a bill. One thing is sure, the Democratic bill is killed by free wool if nothing else.

WORK OF CONGRESS.

How the Two Houses at Washington Keep Busy.

SENATE.

Bills reported and placed on the calendar: Authorizing the secretary of the treasury to readit the claims of Pennsylvania for expenses incurred in calling the militia into government service under the President's proclamation of June 18, 1863; granting an increase of pension to Mrs. General Ward Burnett.

Mr. Hale called up the resolution offered by him on December 12, for the appointment of a special committee to examine rmily into the present condition of the civil service in all branches of the government.

Mr. Cockrell offered an amendment to extend the inquiry to the instance of pernicious partisan activity of Republican officials since the executive order of President Hayes of June, 1887, particularly in the presidential elections of 1880 and 1884.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of Mr. Beck's bill to provide for the retirement of United States legal-tender and national bank notes of small denominations, and the issue of coin certificates in lieu of gold certificates, and Mr. Beck addressed the Senate in advocacy of it.

Senator Cullum presented the petition of citizens of Iroquois county praying for legislation to prevent the formation of trusts or combinations to corner markets, to restrict immigration, to prevent sales of adulterated articles used as food, etc. Senator Farwell introduced the petition of United States citizens protesting against the employment of convict labor.

Among the petitions and memorials received were the following: From Ohio, Vermont and Montana, for increase of duty on wool, and for protection of the wool and woolen industries; from Illinois, asking legislation against the formation of trusts and combinations; and that the tax on tabacco and spirits be retained until the war debt is paid.

Mr. Brown, of Georgia, called up the resolution offered by him on the 4th of January, declaring it the imperative duty of Congress to repeal the Internal Revenue laws at the earliest day practicable, and proceeded to address the Senate in advocacy of it.

Senator Blackburn's desk was gorgeously conspicuous with a floral tribute in the form and colors of the United States flag, sent by the Hancock Veteran association of Philadelphia, in recognition of his "so ably defending the memory of our dead heroes" (Gens. McClellan and Hancock).

Among the petitions presented was one from Chicago for the construction of a canal around Niagara Falls, to connect Lakes Erie and Ontario, and one from Missouri for the removal of duty on salt.

Senator Butler offered a bill for the admission of Utah as a state. Referred to committee on States and Territories.

Mr. Plumb offered a preamble and resolution reciting the fact of the interruption of freight traffic on the C., B. & Q. and the A., T. & S. F. railroads, and instructing the committee on Interstate Commerce to inquire whether such interruption of commerce was occasioned by the failure of the railroad companies to adopt necessary precautions or by other neglect of their duties as common carriers.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The following bills were reported and placed on the calendar in the Senate:

House bill to create a board of arbitration to settle and determine the controversy between the United States and Texas.

Mr. Bowen introduced a bill to establish a park in Colorado, to be known as the Royal Arch Park.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bills on the calendar in their regular order. The following were passed:

To amend article 103, of the rules and articles of war, in relation to desertions; authorizing the appointment of a superintendent of Indian schools and prescribing his duties; to authorize the sale of timber on the Menominee Indian reservation in Wisconsin; granting the right of way to the Duluth & Manitoba railroad company across the Fort Pembina military reservation in Dakota; for the survey of certain historic grounds, locations and military works at Put-in Bay and on the Maumee river, Ohio; to settle and adjust the claims of any state for expenses incurred by it in defense of the United States during the war of the rebellion; authorizing the appointment of a delegate to the fourth International Prison Congress in St. Petersburg in 1890; appropriating $100,000 for the erection in Washington of a monument to the negro soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the preservation of the government—yeas 31, nays 19; for the relief of soldiers and sailors who enlisted or served under assumed names; to amend the act for the admission of Colorado into the Union; to establish a public park at Agosa Springs, Col.

HOUSE.

Mr. Mills, of Texas, asked unanimous consent that the Ways and Means committee be permitted to sit during the sessions of the House, but Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, objected.

The Hitt joint resolution to promote commercial union with Canada was submitted to the House and placed upon the calendar, and a bill was reported and placed on the calendar fixing the rate of postage on seeds, plants, bulbs and scions at one cent for each two ounces.

In reporting the bill to the House, the committee on Postoffice says that the demand for a reduction of the postage on this matter seems to be based on justice. The demand is supported by the agricultural class. Since the conclusion of the postal convention with Canada, seed from that country has driven the American seed from the market and the discrimination which makes our people pay four times as much as foreigners is unjust. The burden falls on the planter and the reduction will inure to the benefit of the agricultural class. It is believed to be eminently proper to reduce the rate of postage on seed in view of the fact that Congress annually expends $100,000 for distribution.

A bill was passed granting right of way through the Fort Keogh military reservation in Kansas to the Kansas Valley railroad company.

Mr. O'Ferrall (W. Va.) transmitted the report of the committee on elections in the Illinois contested election case of Worthington vs. Post. Calendar. It confirms the right of Mr. Post to the seat.

The floor was then accorded to the committee on foreign affairs. Mr. McCray (Ky.) called up the Senate bill fixing the charge for passports at $1, and it was passed.

A bill was passed appropriating $5,000 to enable the President to extend to the inhabitants of Tanegasima, Japan, a suitable recognition of their humane treatment of the survivors of the crew of the American bark Cashmere.

The Painters' Strike.

CHICAGO, March 20.—The painterss strike in this city has been inaugurated but there seems to be a wide difference of opinion regarding the number of men who have gone out. Members of the painters' union declare that 1,300 men quit work, while the bosses say there were not more than 300. It is thought that the strike will be short life.

THE STRIKE IS UNINTERESTING.

The C. B. & Q. Has a Full Complement of Engineers.

CHICAGO, March 20.—General Manager Stone of the Burlington telegraphed his eastern agents yesterday instructing them to send no more engineers or firemen under any circumstances. The raising of the snow blockade has resulted in a rush of engineers that has surpassed anything since the strike.

Thursday 803 crews had been engaged and Saturday the number had increased to 916, including those now on the way from the Eastern States and Canada the grand total is over 1,000 crews. It is believed that a hundred more have been engaged, but the agents are instructed not to send them.

The Central Iowa yesterday telegraphed for engineers and arrangements will be made to supply them with overflow.

THOSE "Q" CARS.

The Illinois Central Engineers Refuse to Handle Them.

CAIRO, Ill., March 20.—The Illinois Central engineers at Jackson, Tenn., last night refused to pull a train until three Burlington cars were cut out and side-tracked, which was done. At Fulton, Ky., the company was obliged to refuse several Burlington cars from the Chesapeake & Ohio for the same reason.

It is generally understood on the line of the Illinois Central south, that the engineers will handle no "Q" cars.

A dispatch from East St. Louis says a freight train made up exclusively of cars for the Burlington road, was brought over the Louisville & Nashville yesterday from Mount Vernon by the master mechanic, the regular engineers having refused to handle the freight.

KANSAS CITY, March 20.—10 A. M.—The situation at the union depot this morning presents no appearance of a strike. The Santa Fe is getting all of its trains out on time, and the accumulation of freight in the yards is being so greatly reduced that the officials of the company will be ready to receive all business by this evening. Six freight trains, carrying 146 cars, went out this morning.

RENOUNCED THE DEVIL.

Another Leading Democrat Who Can not Swallow the Free Trade Dose.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Ex-Judge J. L. Wheeler, of New Jersey, has long been identified with the Democratic party and has spoken in recent campaigns in all the Middle States. He is past commander of the New Jersey department G. A. R. and also past master of New Jersey Odd Fellows He said yesterday:

"I am a strong protectionist; I have for some time called myself a Randall Democrat, but the way things at present I can no longer sail under false colors, and am a good Republican, for that party has proclaimed its policy to protect American industry. The Mills bill which has been introduced in Congress will destroy three of the best industries in my state, the pottery interest, the glass blowers and the farmers, who praise nothing to speak of excepting potatos. I shall take the platform, as I always do in Presidential campaigns, for the national ticket which has the strongest protective plank in its platform. The apparent disposition of the administration to shut the Union soldiers out of their rights, and particularly Cleveland's record in this connection, is also a strong point with me.

Senator McPherson and Congressman Randall I have frequently met on the same platform, and I am confident now they have said that our industries were safe in Democratic hands, but the logic we used then is of no effect now. The Republican party's record on the liquor question also suits me. The dramshop must go. It may not be good politics, but I like the republican party's stand on this question in my own state. As far as Cleveland is concerned, I would not support him under any circumstances. The Democratic party is placed on record for free trade, and no other construction can be placed on the words and acts of the Democratic leaders in Washington, led on by the administration."

SENT TO AN ASYLUM.

A Strange Story from Minneapolis—Sylvester Hall Makes His Appearance—Dead to the World for Two Years.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., March 17.—Sylvester S. Hall, the builder who disappeared over two years ago, turned up yesterday, having come directly from the Rochester insane asylum, where he has been confined. In August, 1885 three weeks after his marriage, Mr. Hall left his home for the Boston block, telling his wife he was expecting to make a contract for the erection of a row of buildings. That was the last seen of him until yesterday.

A search for the missing man was instituted and kept up for months, but without success. The matter was placed in the hands of the police, but after some time they gave up the hunt, not having been able to run down a clue. Then private detectives were put on the case, but they were completely baffled.

Hall cleared up the matter in a strange story. He said that after leaving the architects office he went out to the short line bridge, at the western limit of St. Paul to look at the location of the houses he was to build and when returning sat down to rest. Just then a St. Paul policeman in search of Reary Jones, an escaped lunatic, came along and, accusing him of being mistaken identity and he was taken to the Probate Court at St. Paul, identified as Jones by three men, and sent to the Rochester insane asylum.

He was given odd jobs of carpenter work, and kept in the institution until March 4, 1888, when special examiners pronounced him well, and he was discharged. Hall is boiling with indignation over his terrible treatment, and will bring an action for heavy damages against the St. Paul authorities.

GOOD TIMES COMING.

The Wheat Outlook Most Favorable in Missouri, Kansas and Arkansas.

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 15.—Reports received from 300 points throughout Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, along the lines of the Missouri Pacific, Kansas City, Fort Scott & Gulf, the Santa Fe, the Union Pacific and the Osage division of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas roads show that the immense wheat fields throughout this entire section, covering three entire states, are in the best condition ever known at this time of the year.

The wheat is all up, and is said to be the most even growth experienced over so large an area. Cattle and sheep in the section heard from are in better condition than has been known for many years, and the losses in this stock have been less than in any previous winter.

DERANGED BY SMOKING.

A Priest Who Smoked 100 Cigarettes A Day.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 19.—Fr Taafe, who has been a Catholic priest at Flemingsburg two years, has apparently become temporarily deranged by smoking cigarettes.

He recently confessed a misdemeanor and paid a fine to escape scandal. Inquiry showed he had committed no misdemeanor. Fr. Hockey of Maysly hearing this called on Taafe, who denied having paid any fines.

Even when confronted with the evidence he remembered nothing of it. Taafe had been smoking cigarettes very freely, some times a hundred a day, and it is feared it will be necessary to take him to an infirmatory.

THEY BRAVED THE WINTER.

Texas Cattle Pull Through the Stormy Season in Good Shape.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., March 15.—The annual convention of the Texas Cattlemen's association is in session. Delegate are here from the leading cattle companies in Texas, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona, besides a goodly number of commission men and packers from northern and eastern markets.

The delegates say the cattle interest of Texas and the Southwest is in a more prosperous condition than it has been for years.

The losses occasioned by the late winter are small compared with former winters. All are in high expectation of a big business this season.

INDIANS ARE PEACEFUL.

The Report of a Promised Uprising Denied by the Officials.

WINNIPEG, March 19.—Commissioner Herchuick, of the Northwest mounted police, passed through last night, bound for Ottawa on official business. During the course of a short interview he said the reports about the Indian uprising in the Northwest did not amount to anything.

He said the Indians were all on their reserves and living in peace and quietness. Some of the half-breeds at Prince Albert, Battleford and Batoche were probably suffering some hardships on account of not having any freighting to do, but they would be able to pull through until after the snow goes off, when they would have work to do, and the discontent would then subside.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE DEAD EMPEROR.

The Obsequies at the Cathedral in Berlin Yesterday.

BERLIN, March 17.—The funeral of Emperor William took place yesterday. The weather again was extremely cold. The troops who were ranged four deep along the route taken by the funeral cortege, wore heavy cloaks. Hundreds of thousands of spectators occupied the space behind the soldiers, while every window along Unter Den Linden was crowded.

All houses on the thoroughfare were covered with mourning and exhibited flags with black drapery. At street crossings massive pillars draped with black, surmounted by Prussian eagles had been erected. Lamp posts were covered with crape, and at every fifty paces there were large candelebras bearing flaming cressets.

The route of the funeral procession presented a most imposing aspect, entirely in keeping with the deep sorrow and reverence of the people.

In many places large crepe festoons, entwined with laurels, were hung. Brandenburg gate was draped with a large arch in front of it, upon which were the words "God Bless You."

The funeral took place in the Cathedral in accordance with the programme. Emperor Frederick was not present, as the weather was too severe to permit his exposing himself.

Service began with a soft prelude on the organ, during which the mourners began to assemble. Dr. Koegel, court chaplain, read passages from the 19th psalm and verses 25 and 26 of the 11th chapter of John. The choir sang "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth."

Passages were then read from Psalm 91 and Timothy, fourth chapter, seventh and eighth verses, the chaplain concluding with the words, "Blessed are they who die in the Lord, now and evermore." The choir responded with the words, "Yea, the Spirit saith they shall rest from their labors; their work shall live after them."

Prayer was then intoned "What God doeth is well done."

Dr. Koegel delivered the sermon standing beside the coffin. His text was "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

He concluded his sermon with the Lord's prayer, and the congregation then sang the hymn "Wenn Ich Einmal Soll Scheiden."

Prince Bismarck and General Von Moltke were not present at the cathedral nor in the procession to the mausoleum. While the organ still played, the royalists entered, Prince William arriving at noon. Prince William stood in the middle of the choir behind the imperial standard. Alongside of him were the King of Saxony, King of Belgium, King of Roumania, and close by stood the Grand Duke of Baden, Princes Albrecht, Henry and other princes of the royal house of Prussia, the Prince Imperial of Austria, Prince Imperial of Russia, Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas of Russia, Prince of Wales, Crown Prince of Italy, Crown Prince of Denmark, Prince Prince of Greece, all in the uniform of their respective countries. The Princes of Batavia, Grand Duke of Hesse and other notables and foreign representatives, including General Billot, of France, and suite, formed the next rows in the nave.

The service was a memorable one, when, amid the strains of the final chorus, the sharp rattle of volleys outside, twelve regimental commanders slowly and reverently raised the coffin from its resting place and moved forward with it on their shoulders to the principal door. Before them walked a high court official.

The procession in every way was worthy of the occasion. The military display was magnificent though somber. The French general, Billot, placed a garland of roses upon the coffin.

Crown Prince William walked after the coffin, followed by the royal visitors till Sieges Halle was reached, when all took carriages.

At Charlottenberg the Lord's Prayer and Benediction closed the ceremonies and a salvo of artillery announced the ceremonies over.

EMPEROR FREDERICK.

Evidence That the Son is to Retain the Friendship Shown His Honored Father by the German People.

BERLIN, March 14.—Herr Forckenbock, who headed the Berlin aldermen, when they called on Emperor Frederick, addressed his majesty. After expressing the sorrow of citizens for the death of Emperor William, he thanked Emperor Frederick for returning to Berlin. He then read the following address:

"MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND POWERFUL EMPEROR:—

Our most gracious emperor and king has entered into eternal rest. The founder of the German empire has gone. He guarded the peace of the world, even on his death bed. His death is mourned by the whole world, and his loyal people are weeping while his grateful capital shed hot tears.

"Indissolubly engraven on our hearts are the words which the departed wrote us at the beginning of the year, his last words to us: 'Relying on your steadfast trust in the Almighty, my whole endeavor, my unceasing care, is solely for the welfare of my beloved people.'

"Most Gracious Emperor, we feel, with your Imperial Majesty, the grief of the son for the loss of his father; the anguish of the commander, who places this palm on the coffin of the head of the army, and the mourning of a Hohenzollern for the great Hohenzollern Emperor.

"We most respectfully beg your majesty to accept this humble expression of our heartfelt sympathy. We admire the strength of mind which, guided by a sense of duty, overcomes the greatest of suffering. The love of your most faithful people, accompanied your majesty on your homeward journey.

"Your majesty's throne stands in the city whose people are full of gratitude. Unchanging loyalty comes from all our hearts, with most heartfelt prayer for your majesty's health."

THE ROYAL MESSAGE.

King Frederick's Avowal Read to the Two Houses.

BERLIN, March 20.—The Royal message was read in Prussian Landtag in united session to-day. It is countersigned by all ministers. It says: "We, Frederick, by the Grace of God, King of Prussia, hereby proclaim and make known that, it having pleased God, after the demise of Empetor and King William, our much beloved father, to call us to the throne of our ancestor, we herewith send to the Landtag our greeting.

"The sentiments and purposes with which we enter upon our government, the principles on which we would exercise our royal office have been proclaimed by us to our faithful people. Walking in the paths of our glorious father, we shall know no other aim than the happiness and welfare of the Fatherland.

"By conscientiously observing the constitution, fully safeguarding all prerogatives of the crown, loyally co-operating with the national representation, the king hopes, with God's help to obtain his object, which is the happiness and welfare of the country. His condition of health prevents him from taking the oath personally.

"Desiring to declare without delay his position regarding the constitutional laws, although this could admit of no doubt, he now solemnly undertakes to adhere to the constitution firmly and inviolably to rule in conformity with the laws." As soon as the members had assembled Prince Bismarck accompanied by all the members of state entered the hall and read the message.

When the chancellor had ceased reading, Duke Von Ratibor, president of the Upper House, said it was not within his province to say how each House would reply to the message. He would now simply ask the assemblage to mark the King's faithful attachment and devotion, and unitein the cry, "Long live King Frederick." The cheer was thrice repeated, and the body forthwith adjourned.

TO THE REICHSTAG.

The Emperor's message to the Reichstag was: "We, Frederick, by grace of God, Emperor of Germany, King of Prussia, etc., proclaim that with the demise of our beloved father, under God's inscrutable will, imperial dignity, with the Prussian crown, has devolved upon us. We have taken upon ourselves the rights and duties bound up therewith.

"We are resolved to keep inviolable and firmly uphold the Imperial constitution, and in this sense conscientiously respect and guard the constitutional rights of individual federal states and Reichstag."

The remainder of the message was similar to the one above.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

The Local Government Bill Introduced Last Night.

LONDON, March 20.—The *Times*, commenting on the local government bill for England and Wales, introduced by Mr. Ritchie in the House of Commons last night, says:

"No liberal reformer could have gone more thoroughly to the root of the matter than has Mr. Ritchie.

"The principle of the bill will probably be extended next year to Scotland, and the Unionists will be delighted to recognize the possibility of giving similar institutions to Ireland as soon as the mass of the Irish people show themselves fit for them."

The introduction of the bill is the most risky thing the Tories have yet done.

That portion of the measure dealing with the licenses of the sale of beer and spirituous liquors is the most dangerous of all. Nearly all of the previous governments that have meddled with the question have come to grief, Mr. Gladstone having been forced to give way to Lord Salisbury on the question of raising the tax on beer.

Remembering the fate of its predecessors, the government has already committed itself to abstention from disturbing the existing licenses, promising that the bill shall apply to those which may be granted after the bill becomes a law, in the hope of appeasing much of the opposition, but the granting of absolute powers to revise and issue licenses to the newly constituted county councils will create a storm that may prove overwhelming.

The Liberals will push the bill to the utmost limit of their ability to forward it, in the firm belief that both the Tory and Unionist parties will split. In any event the government in advocating the bill pays unwilling homage to the principle of home rule, and the measure even goes to the length of granting female suffrage under certain conditions. The one condition of the bill which will meet with pretty general favor, however, and possibly may serve to remove the curse from some of the measure's bad features, is that which abolishes that monumental fraud, the London Board of Works.

ANARCHY BREAKS OUT.

Albert Currlin is Trodding on That Primrose Path so Well Known.

CHICAGO, March 19.—"I am an anarchist; let them strangle me is they dare," shouted Albert Currlin, the anarchist editor, to the crowd assembled in a North Side hall last evening.

Anarchy was having a holiday, with no contempt at concealment. It was the seventeenth anniversary of the French commune, and the "reds" held an indoor picnic. The central labor union assumed the responsibilities of the affair, and arranged the programme, which was termed a "communistic festival."

There were fully 1,500 persons present, including all the prominent anarchists in the city, and the relatives of some of the men executed last November.

The red banner of the Central Labor union fluttered at the entrance to the hall. At each side of the stage were pedestals draped in blood red bunting, and bearing the inscription "November 11, 1887."

These bore the busts of August Spies and Louis Lingg. Each head was encircled with a wreath of myrtle, a sash of the same sombre leaves entwined with red ribbon, being knotted diagonally across the breast.

Later in the evening life size bust of painting of Spies, Lingg, Fielding and Fisher were in view displayed on the stage and received with transports of delight.

After a long programme of songs and recitation, the "festival address" was announced, and its deliverer, Currlin, was received with tremendous cheering. Currlin spoke in German for over an hour in the most impassioned manner. The substance of his remarks was as follows:

"Fire and Gunpowder, Aye, *Vive La Commune.* This glorious sentence thundered upon the ears of the tyrants and moneygrubbers seventeen years ago. The world trembled at the sound.

"The thieves of the bourse, the pulpit and the press shook like autumn leaves in a high wind.

Currlin then gave what he said was an account of the events of the commune—how the French and Prussian tyrants combined to crush out "the patriot proletarians," and how at the fall workmen, their wives and children to the number of least 30,000 were slaughtered.

"This orgie of blood punished," he continued, "how the money bags, aristocrats and the priests shook with laughter. How they boasted of the downfall of the supporter of the whole social system. Did they laugh with reason? Did they kill anarchy at the stamping out of the commune? ("No," "No!" and ironical laughter from all part of the hall.)

"No, indeed," thundred Currlin. "Anarchy and socialism have marched right onward. Our principles are abroad in the world and are undying. They cannot be stamped out."

The orator then reverted to the trial and execution of the Chicago anarchists, and worked his auditors into a white heat. "What say you, your freemen of this glorious Republic to the murder of your brethren? Are we cowed? Have they spread terror in our ranks.

"Do we kiss the hands that shed the best blood among us? Do we grovel before those who have placed our champions beneath the cold sod